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DECEMBER 30, 1969

ristmas in Helsinki:
3 gifts we shouldn't
ve the Russians! (see page 1311)

NATIONAL REVIEW

AN INNOCENT ABROAD
Auberon Waugh

A TRAPP FAMILY CHRISTMAS
Aloise Buckley Heath

EVEN ALASKANS DO IT
Patricia S. Coyne

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AS YOU BROWSE through these pages, a powerful new image of George Washington emerges. You had to look up to speak to him. He was over six feet in height, in an age when five feet eight inches was considered tall. He was wide-shouldered, slim-waisted, pale-skinned, "his well-shaped head gracefully poised on a superb neck." He had the long legs and broad hips of a supreme horseman who virtually lived in the saddle.

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To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace. — *(First Annual Address, January, 1790)*

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Alexander Hamilton: *young genius whose contributions still remain undervalued*

Patrick Henry: *he could speak faster than he could think*

Gen. Henry Knox: *perhaps Washington's best general, yet curiously almost forgotten*

Lafayette: *just a boy, with all the arrogance of youth, but mon Dieu, what a fighter!*

Talleyrand: *the wily prelate-politician who always landed on the right foot, no matter who was in power*

Martha Washington: *her husband outrides much younger men so he can reach home in time to spend Christmas Eve with her*

Mary Ball Washington: *never to earn a son's love*

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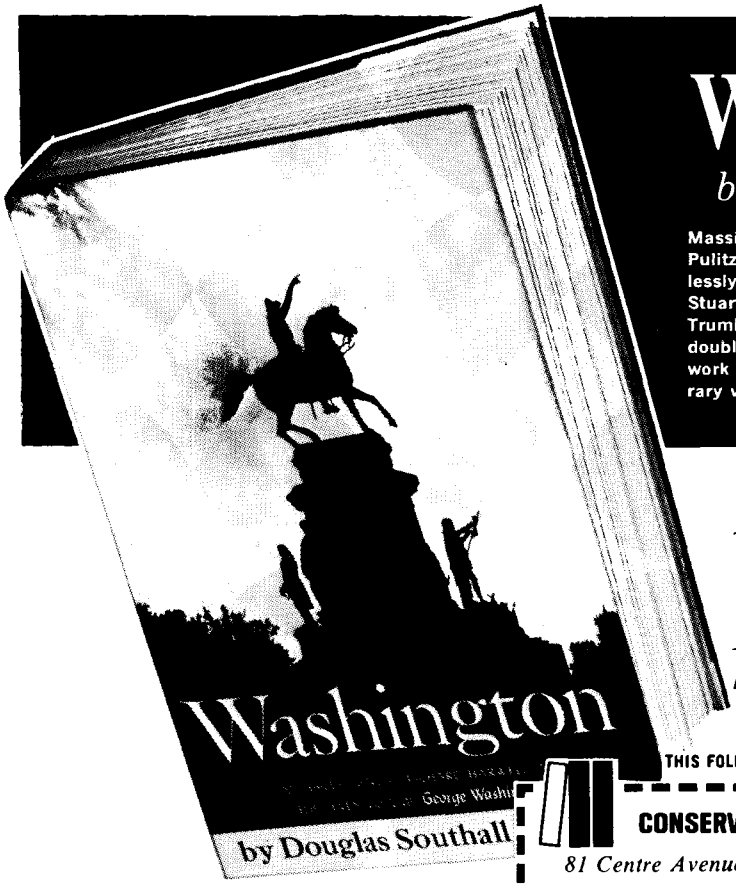

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Watch for a shift in tactics of peaceniks in '70, from marches and Moratoria to politics. **Sam Brown**, coordinator of the Vietnam Moratorium Committee, admits **Nixon** has "pulled a tremendous political coup by managing to identify himself with the cause of peace." Brown has denounced demonstrators who resort to violence, says they should be arrested and "punished for their criminal activities"; says that he and other holdovers from the RFK and Clean Gene campaigns of '68 now should concentrate on electing "dove" candidates in 1970. . . . **John Kenneth Galbraith** predicts the major issue of '70 will be the size of the military establishment and that candidates will be elected or rejected on that issue. . . . According to Dr. **Spock** (who knows everything there is to know about babies) Richard Nixon's popularity will be so low in '72 (Spock estimates it will be down to 20 per cent by then) that he won't even stand for re-election.

■ Now that **Arthur Goldberg** has taken himself out of the race in New York things are popping. **Ted Sorensen** (a law partner of Goldberg's) will announce his candidacy for the Senate before January is out. . . . On the Republican side, **Charles Goodell** is markedly bouncier since the Goldberg fade (he's the one I would have hated most to face, says Goodell). Goodell getting unexpected flak from upstate Democratic Representative **Samuel Stratton** who hints he may switch parties and oppose Goodell in the GOP primary. Stratton, who has blasted Goodell for most of his anti-Administration moves in recent months, says there's not much future in the Democratic Party these days for political moderates.

■ Not all Republicans were happy that Rep. **Rogers Morton** decided not to run for Senator **Joseph Tydings**' seat in Maryland. There have been some complaints

Jon, *London Daily Mail* Ben Roth Agency

"I'm frightfully sorry, but as a member of the Transport and General Workers' Union . . ."

that Rogers is giving preferential treatment to liberals on the Republican National Committee, which he runs. . . . Many Republicans even more unhappy at minority leadership of Sen. **Hugh Scott**. When the liberal caucus in the Senate gathered to try to get an extension of the 1965 Voting Rights Act, which the Administration opposes, who was there, leading the small Republican cheering section, but Mr. Nixon's floor manager Hugh Scott (other GOPers: **Charles Mathias** and **Marlow Cook**). . . . **George Wallace**, who's gotten the word, shifting his attack from Nixon to **Agnew**. Agnew's speeches, says Wallace, "are just country club talk for pointed heads [tr: Eastern intellectuals]. The Vice President," Wallace continues, "speaks for an elite group of money interests who are not in touch with the masses." . . . Still bottled up in Senate Judiciary Committee, the nomination of **Barrington Parker** for the U.S. District Court for the District of Columbia. According to sources on the Hill, the FBI report on Parker, who is a black militant lawyer, has rocked some of the senators who will have to pass on his qualifications.

■ The man who reopened the **Jan Masaryk** case during the Dubcek spring in Czechoslovakia—**Vitslav Kadicak**—was sentenced to 32 months in prison a fortnight ago for "slandering the republic and its representatives." Kadicak had suggested that Masaryk, Free Czechoslovakia's last foreign minister, might have been murdered by Soviet agents. Last week Prague pubished its version: Masaryk probably fell out of an open window during a bout of insomnia. . . . More on long-distance runner **Emil Zapotek**, who opposed the Soviet occupation of his country. He has been fired from the Communist Party, booted out of the army (he was a colonel), forced to resign from the Czech Olympic Committee. . . . Signs of the times in the USSR. On Dec. 21, **Stalin**'s birthday was celebrated for the first time in twelve years. . . . The real scoop on **Hué**, as reported by the Communist *Daily World*: All those bodies they've been finding were killed by U.S. warplanes, not NLF murder squads although the *World* does admit that the "NLF executed some of the people's most brutal overlords." . . . Story in *Philadelphia Sunday Bulletin* says Red Chinese apologist **Anna Louise Strong** has been appointed professor of environmental studies at the U. of Pa. University authorities confirm the story.

■ California Public Utilities Commission has upheld ruling of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Co. refusing a separate listing in the Yellow Pages for San Francisco homosexual groups (the **Gay Liberation Front** et al.).

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LETTERS

Libertarian Feedback

The commentary on the Student Libertarian Alliance in your journal ["The Week," Dec. 2] was very witty of course, but you conservatives seem to miss the point of the libertarian disgust with right-wingers.

Gentlemen, Vietnam is simply not worth American blood. Not mine, and not anyone's. Government activity, this supposed "defense of the West and Western civilization" is simply not worth financial support. And, further, we are convinced that cannabis is a superior intoxicant to alcohol; and if any commodity is to be proscribed, it should be the more poisonous one. Since most of the right wing disagree with us, we are splitting from YAF.

With the authoritarians taking over the visible organizations of the New Left, and the exit of the libertarians from the New Right, I think this nation will observe in the next decade a repolarization of ideology—no longer a clash between Right and Left, but the antagonism of Libertarianism and Authoritarianism. Unfortunately, you people are hardly libertarians who feel a snigger of superiority as you put down "libertines."

JOE MICHAEL COBB
Chicago, Ill. Radical Libertarian Alliance

In response to your article in "The Week," I assume the student "defectors" you were writing about are the various YAF chapters of the aforementioned states. I would like to take this opportunity to correct a few of the misrepresentations the editors sought to convey to the readers.

First, these "defectors," characterized as anarchists and Wallacites, are, in truth, the cream of YAF chapters throughout Pennsylvania, New Jersey, California, Virginia, Texas and, more recently South Carolina. These mini-revolts have been brought on by the increasing arbitrariness of our national leadership. We, at the local level, have become nothing more than handmaidens to the whims and desires of a select group of individuals on the National Board.

The SLA movement has become a scapegoat for any activities deemed contrary to the national organization's policies.

These "maneuverings" can only harm the cause we all work for. In the final analysis, only the radical and leftist elements in our society will gain. While we recognize the need for a united, viable and responsive national organization, we cannot, and will not, surrender our guaranteed autonomy at the state and local levels.

(Continues on page 1298)

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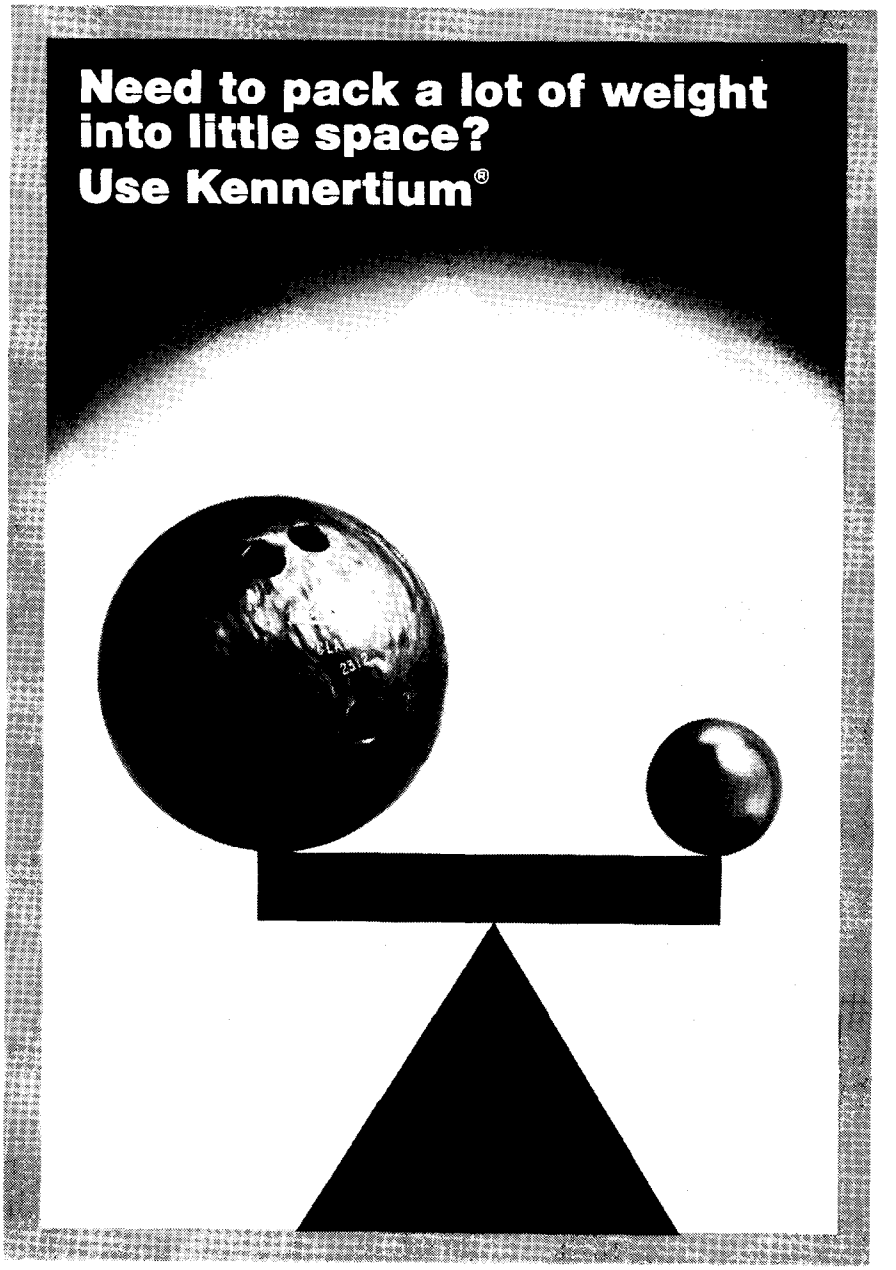

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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXI NO. 51 DECEMBER 30, 1969

1300 **The Week**

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

1294 For the Record
1295 Letters
1310 The Third World War *by James Burnham*
1311 Letter from Helsinki *by Anthony H. Harrigan*
1315 On Campus and Off *by David Brudnoy*
1316 A Reluctant Santa Claus *by W. H. von Dreele*
1317 A Trapp Family Christmas *by Aloise Buckley Heath*
1320 Christmas in Alaska *by Patricia S. Coyne*
1322 An Innocent Abroad *by Auberon Waugh*
1326 Letter from India *by Prakash C. Jain*
1327 Principles and Heresies *by Frank S. Meyer*
1328 Delectations *by Nika Standen Hazelton*
1338 On the Right *by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.*
1340 Trans-O-Gram

1329 **BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS**

Jeffrey Hart on the proletarianization of culture ☐ Jared Lobdell on Dean Acheson ☐ *The Limits of Intervention* reviewed by Peter P. Witonski ☐ Richard Corliss on film books ☐ Richmond Crinkley on *Tiny Alice* and *A Patriot for Me.*

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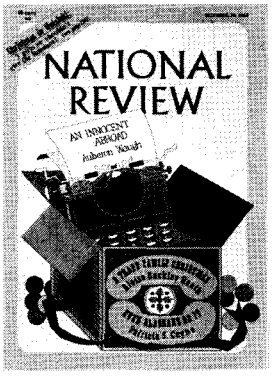
IN THIS ISSUE

■ Traditionalism can be overdone, and accordingly the editors paused over whether to continue the tradition of publishing a Christmas piece by the late **Aloise Heath**. Another argument against doing so is the extraordinary success of the volume, posthumously published, *Will Mrs. Major Go to Hell?* At about the time that the decision had to be made, we got word that the Book-of-the-Month Club intended to review *Mrs. Major* in its February magazine, citing it as "perhaps the warmest, funniest book about suburban family life since *Please Don't Eat the Daisies*. It suggests that a true talent was lost when Mrs. Heath died at the untimely age of 48." Since we consider that Mrs. Heath is our property, and since her articles have never failed to elicit more complimentary mail than anything else we ever published, we present, for the second time (the first was in the issue of Dec. 31, 1960), "A Trapp Family Christmas." . . . **Patricia S. Coyne** is the embattled wife of John, who defended recently in these pages the proposition that a largish family can in fact eat on 66 cents per day per person. She recounts in this issue her experience as a child raised by homesteading parents in Alaska, and tells of the resourcefulness of her family in making an Alaskan Christmas.



■ Much to *NR*'s sorrow, **Auberon Waugh** has finished his tour of the U.S. and returned to England, but he did leave us a delightful Christmas present, a piece which summarizes his American travels. . . . **Anthony Harrigan**, Associate Editor of the *Charleston News and Courier*, has written extensively on military and foreign affairs. His most recent book is *Rhodesia: Ordeal of Independence*. In this issue, Mr. Harrigan writes from Helsinki on the current SALT talks, which he warns are potentially dangerous. He also has a chat with a *Pravda* correspondent. Apparently they read *NR* in the Kremlin. And don't like what they read. . . . Patriotism is alive and well in Boston Common, says **David Brudnoy**, who attends a demonstration at which, believe it or not, they sing "God Bless America." . . . **Prakash Jain**, New Delhi freelancer and contributor to several major American periodicals, analyzes the Naga independence movement in India.

■ **Jared Lobdell** reviews Dean Acheson's controversial account of his years in the State Department and sees in it the new conservative face of contemporary liberalism. . . . **Richard Corliss** reads through a stack of books about movies . . . And **Richmond Crinkley** visits the theater and laments the tendency, currently so fashionable, of people to pour out their hearts without being asked.

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 1295)

We can all see the injudiciousness of such a course of action as reflected by the present condition of our national government.

THOMAS N. MCCURE,
Treasurer,
Albert W. Watson
Chapter, YAF

Columbia, S.C.

The Jewish Vote

I would like to correct an erroneous impression which might have been created by your paragraph on the New York election in "The Week" [*NR*, Nov. 18].

You stated that Lindsay's principal effort in the campaign was to "recapture the defected Jewish vote" via his all-out support for the Moratorium. The implication of this statement is that, since Lindsay won the election, his effort to carry the Jewish vote was successful thus demonstrating that a majority of Jewish voters were supporters of the Moratorium.

The fact is that Lindsay only captured 42 per cent of the Jewish vote. New Yorkers of the Jewish faith opposed the Mayor's re-election in exactly the same percentage as did city voters in general (58 percent voted against Lindsay).

Conclusion: There is no evidence that Lindsay's Moratorium antics are supported by a majority of Jewish voters in New York. In fact, the opposite seems to be the case if we are to judge from the election results. In addition, three prominent New York based Jewish religious groups (Young Israel, the Rabbinical Alliance and the Union of Orthodox Rabbis) have recently spoken out strongly in favor of the U.S. effort in Vietnam. On the weekend of the November Moratorium, Orthodox synagogues throughout the City held services dedicated to the theme of "Honor America and support our fighting men."

As editor of *Ideas*, a national magazine written and published by and for Jewish conservatives, I can testify to the slow but steady rightward movement in Jewish political opinion in New York and around the nation.

MICHAEL S. KOGAN

New York, N.Y.

NR *did not mean to suggest that Lindsay had succeeded in seducing the Jewish vote entire. We regret any confusion.* —ED.

Call Aesop!

Let me introduce two of your contributors to each other. In the December 16 issue, we have William Schlamm condemning the amorality of "'political scientists'" who "discuss power without contemplating good and evil," and in the same issue Donald Atwell Zoll suggests that political events in our country may necessitate what he delicately calls "some variety of expediential fascism" (Orwell would have

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loved that phrase!) and even though such "techniques" (a favorite word of his: presumably means the murder and/or imprisonment of innocent people, to speak "unscientifically") might seem to conservatives "unfamiliar," "distasteful," "against the grain," "drastic," and "unconventional": never once does he use the word "immoral."

New York, N.Y. BARBABA FRIEDBERG

Why, Indeed?

In "Letters" [Dec. 2], Mr. J. Bruce McNeill suggests foreign competition as a solution to collusion (informal, he hopes) between labor and management *in re* prices. He also says it exists. Well, maybe. But I would be delighted to see the effect on our maritime industry, say, of really free trade. If the Japanese can build efficient shipyards, why don't we? Perhaps strings on the subsidies ("modernize or go broke") would be a rational path from here to there.

Why don't we ever hear about free trade anymore?

Menlo Park, Calif. EDWIN W. BRINK

Cry for Help

In "Teaching the Art of History" [*NR*, Dec. 2], Bert Lippman states that the college generation is disgusted, out of patience, morally offended because of "the myth that anybody over 35 . . . knows anything."

Mr. Lippman, for reasons known only to himself and the Establishment, has escalated the age beyond which one is not to be trusted by five years.

I am disgusted, out of patience, morally offended; for years, I have been over thirty in spirit, if not in fact, and on the coming December 11 I would have had only two more years to wait. Now suddenly, I have seven, at least, until I can become a full-fledged racist-reactionary-fascist-bigot-hypocrite member of the military-industrial complex in good standing. And there is no guarantee that in seven years the minimum age will not have been raised again.

If eighteen-year olds should be allowed to vote. shouldn't 28-year olds be distrusted?

East Palatka, Fla. DAVID B. GRAY

Cheer up, Gray—we wouldn't trust you on the other side of the street with an anvil under each arm. —ED.

Hmm.

You're right, Spiro Agnew's phraseology could stand some modification [*NR*, Nov. 8]. How does "a goddam effete corps of impudent goddam snobs" sound to you?

Miami, Fla. TIMOTHY BLAINE

Hmmmm!

Phooey on your art expert Ruth Berenson [*NR*, Dec. 16] who doesn't know Roy Lichtenstein from Robert Indiana.

Larchmont, N.Y. HOPE SPRINGS

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THE WEEK

■ First it was the "liberals." They gave way to the "moderates," who were in turn supplanted by the "conservatives"—and now the *New York Times* has sighted "ultraconservatives" in Prague, who threaten to displace the "conservatives" and set up a Stalinist police state. It just goes to show you, the Right is a clear and present danger.

■ The State of Mississippi may soon be subsidizing lawsuits against de facto segregation in Northern schools. Governor John Bell Williams argues that forcing the Supreme Court to order the same instantaneous and total integration of Northern school districts that it has already ordered for districts in the South is the only way of winning the broad public support needed to roll back the tide of judicial egalitarianism. Accordingly, the Governor has asked state legislators to appropriate $1 million for a team of Mississippi lawyers who would go North and find clients willing to file desegregation suits. If the legislature goes along, the lawyers will work hand in hand with the NAACP's Legal Defense and Education Fund, which has already, for its own reasons, endorsed the Governor's plan.

■ Father Albert Koklowsky of Ohio believes American troops massacre Vietnamese civilians indiscriminately. As penance, he asks them to boycott grapes. Get it? No? Neither do we. "By not eating grapes the soldiers could show they are concerned for the poor not only in Vietnam but also in California," where, the good muddled father informs us, "farm workers are dying slowly." As opposed to dying rapidly, one supposes, as when you're hit by a bus. Possibilities are endless. Russians die slowly, so boycott caviar and vodka; Poles die slowly, so no more Polish sausage; even the Irish don't die too fast, so eschew Irish whisky. And Scotch. And grape growers massacre pickers and soldiers massacre pickers and DDT is nerve gas and César Chavez is a VC. And boycotts are penance. And whatever happened to those logic courses that were once the pride of the seminaries?

■ On Veterans' Day, Richard Werner, 75, Mayor of Santa Barbara, California, ripped to little pieces a Vietcong flag flying outside the home of Larry Bell, a bearded out-of-work high-school teacher. This month Mayor Werner was brought to trial for "malicious mischief," a charge which carries a six-month jail sentence. Last week the jury, agreeing with Mayor Werner that the VC flag represented "enemy colors," acquitted him. Back when melodrama was king, the play would have ended with the jury reaching out for Hanoi Larry and sticking him in the cooler for a couple of days.

■ Wallace voters are terrible people who want to kill Negroes, right? Wrong. The Wallace appeal was complex, directed to a whole skein of up-to-date anxieties. Well anyway, Wallace lost so there aren't any more Wallace voters, right? Wrong again. They're out there, and according to Dr. Gallup the majority of them plan to vote Republican in the 1970 congressional elections. In the South, of the 5.5 million who voted for Wallace, 49 per cent will vote Republican, 42 per cent Democratic. In the North and West, where Wallace got 4 million votes, 54 per cent will go Republican in 1970, 27 per cent Democratic, and 19 per cent dunno yet. South and North, Wallace voters will make the difference in many districts. If the GOP can hold onto them, Nixon could wind up with majorities in the House and Senate —and that would help him to get things done that must be done if there is to be no Wallace campaign in 1972. Because George is still out there too, at Box 1972.

■ Our Voices of Moderation Department, which played so great a role in the Goldwater victory in '64, has decided to come out of retirement, or out of hiding as you prefer, to deal with tomorrow's problems today, beginning with Mike Gold, President of the Student Government Association in the D.C. area and author of a letter to an aide to Vice President Agnew turning down an invitation to meet with him to exchange views. It was addressed to: "Mr. Landis Jones, White House Fellow to the Great Spiro, Office of the Veep-Creep, Washington, D.C., Capital of Imperialism" and stated that the Nixon Administration was not only not interested in listening to him (Gold), and not only not interested "in solving the basic problems facing the government today" (also Gold), but is, in fact, a "corrupt, inefficient and immoral anachronism." To make government "appealing to young people," Gold suggested, "Get rid of complete crooks and assholes like Nixon and Agnew and end the goddam [a quote, a quote] war." Mr. Agnew, you recall, became a household word for using the phrase "fat Jap." But then, Mr. Agnew does not hold a responsible position as a representative of the people like Mr. Gold, who must choose his words more carefully.

■ Decision of the Week (on the petition of some go-go dancers under indictment for performing nude, for an injunction permitting them to continue to do so until the case came to trial): "Assuming that 'go-go' dancing is actively protected by the First Amendment, the interests of free speech can, I think, be adequately protected by plaintiffs' mere topless dancing until plenary trial of these cases. The inability to display one's genitals while go-go dancing in a tavern is not the kind of irreparable injury which militates for issuance of a preliminary injunction." (Judge J. Macbride, Gains *v.* Dehner, 10/31/1969.)

■ Prof. Salvador Luria of MIT, one of three winners of this year's Nobel Prize for medicine, used his acceptance speech to 1) denounce biologists who do research in chemical/biological warfare, and 2) announce that all his prize money will go to the anti-Vietnam war move-

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ment. Dammit, Luria, the prize was for medicine, not appeasement.

Nixon on Vietnam

Sir Robert Thompson's *No Exit From Vietnam* may turn out to be one of the momentous books of our time. "Several months ago," said President Nixon in his December 15 address on Vietnam, "I read a book by Sir Robert Thompson, a British expert, who was one of the major architects of the victory over the Communist guerrillas who attempted to take over Malaya in the 1950s. In his book, which was published just as this Administration took office, he was very pessimistic about the conduct of the war in Vietnam. He particularly noted the failure to prepare the South Vietnamese to take over the responsibilities for their own defense. On October 7 I met with Mr. Thompson and asked him to go to Vietnam. . . ."

As one part of its Vietnam policy, the Administration is clearly attempting to put into practice the "low-cost, long-haul" strategy advocated by Thompson in his book. There is growing evidence, moreover, that events on the battlefield have provided a most favorable environment for Thompson's strategy. He stresses the necessity for drying up the "water" in which the guerrilla "fish" swim —the necessity, that is, for concentrating first on destroying the network of underground cells which sustain the guerrilla units. Two developments have enabled this process to go forward much more rapidly than could have been anticipated.

First, the Tet offensive, which was a political victory for the Communists as far as American opinion is concerned, and which, indeed, forced Lyndon Johnson from office, was also an unimaginable slaughter on the battlefield. The Communist mainforce units apparently were so depleted by Tet that they were obliged to withdraw to border areas in order to rebuild their fighting strength. Their withdrawal, however, exposed territory they formerly dominated to the free movement of government and U.S. forces. For the guerrilla units thus left unprotected, there is no place to hide.

Second, Tet provided a further dividend. Mistakenly counting on a popular uprising against the government, many of the underground Communist operatives suddenly surfaced and revealed their identities. But there was no popular uprising; and now the process of eliminating the formerly secret Communists has been vastly facilitated.

But if Nixon has inherited an unexpectedly favorable situation in Vietnam, he has built upon his good fortune by a virtuoso performance on the homefront. It is the remarkable fact that this President, a man with little discernible charisma, who was elected by only the narrowest of margins, has been able to mobilize public opinion behind his Vietnam strategy and almost completely quash the virulent "peace movement." In the political contest between, on the one hand, the Moratoria and the Senate doves and, on the other, the several addresses by Nixon and Agnew, there can be no doubt who holds the current advantage.

Tee Hee

The Adminstration's "Southern strategy" has scored another victory in the House by defeating the extension of the Voting Rights Act of 1965. —New York Times

There's no undoing Gettysburg
  Or losing Mobile Bay.
Atlanta burned and Scarlett learned
  To put her pride away.
It does no good to glorify
  Manassas I and II;
Despite the dash, without the cash
  There was no follow-through.
I don't pretend the President
  Is Beauregard or Lee,
But watching guys who wipe their eyes,
  It's fun to say, Tee-Hee.

W. H. von Dreele

Jerusalem III

Secretary of State William Rogers, in setting forth current United States policy in the Middle East, attempted to follow the "more even-handed approach" promised last year by William Scranton. It is a measure of his success that he was subjected to instant attack by Hubert Humphrey, Golda Meir and various Arab spokesmen. Rogers' speech is a document of the first importance. Though Vietnam has been getting our most concentrated attention, the situation in the Middle East poses at least an equivalent danger to our national interest—in the long run, an even graver danger. The First and Second World Wars began in East Europe and the Balkans, areas of chronic instability and great-power rivalry. The Middle East has become our analogue of the Balkans. All the elements of disaster are present, and it is there that we confront almost directly the only other first-rate military power in the world.

Scranton's recommendation that we pursue a more even-handed policy was timely. We have seen the Arab world become dependent, in an accelerating fashion, on Soviet support, and Soviet influence has been vastly aggrandized. Friendly Arab regimes topple, in each case giving way to increasingly radical ones. A million and a half Arab refugees continue to rot in their squalid and dusty camps; since 1948, an entire generation has grown up in them without knowing any other life. These camps, predictably, provide most of the volunteers for Al Fatah and other guerrilla organizations which, radical and

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violently anti-American, have captured the popular imagination and wield increasing paragovernmental power in the Arab world.

And yet, in the United States, the question has not been sufficiently pressed: Where does our national interest lie? Geopolitically, the Arab world holds the key to the Eastern Mediterranean. Arab ports, closed to the U.S. Sixth Fleet, now accommodate the Soviet navy. The recent revolution in Libya, it will be noticed, is about to cost us the great Wheelus air base. Friendly Lebanon, half Christian, swings under pressure from the guerrillas toward the anti-American side. Arab territory is the land bridge to both Asia and central Africa, a fact not lost on German strategists, who sought unsuccessfully to control the area in two world wars. And of course Arab oil remains important, especially to Europe.

The two major issues from the Arab point of view are Jerusalem and the Palestinian refugees; beyond these two issues, and exacerbating the situation in all of its aspects, is a pervasive fear of Israeli expansion—a fear that is perhaps unjustified, but predictable given Arab military and technological inferiority.

For its part, Israel fears ultimate defeat and consequent annihilation. Again, this fear is understandable enough, given Israel's numerical inferiority. Analysis suggests, however, that a definitive Israeli defeat would not be in the Soviet interest, for it would render the Arabs less dependent upon Soviet support. As Whittaker Chambers pointed out in 1957 (*NR*, Oct. 26), "It is Israel, as an enemy, that Communism cannot afford to lose."

Secretary Rogers' speech tried in impressive fashion to respond to each facet of this difficult situation. Reiterating several times the key word "balanced," he noted that "we do not support expansionism," and proposed that Israel withdraw from territory conquered in 1967 in return for Arab acceptance of a permanent peace based upon binding agreements. Though he deliberately did not go into detail on this point, such an agreement might include a formal treaty guaranteed by the so-called Big Four.

On Jerusalem, Secretary Rogers embraced the proposal long since made by *NR*: some form of internationalization (July 29, 1969). His language here was precise and deserves careful study: "The question of the future status of Jerusalem, because it touches deep emotional, historical and religious well-springs, is particularly complicated. We have made clear *repeatedly* in the past two-and-one-half years that we *cannot* accept unilateral actions by *any* party to decide the final status of the city [italics added to the operative intensifiers]." Jerusalem, Rogers said, should be unified, freely accessible, and subject to administrative arrangements that take into account the interests of "all" its inhabitants—Jewish, Islamic and Christian.

Then came the key sentence: "And there should be roles for both Israel and Jordan in the civic, economic and religious life of the city." This sentence does contain ambiguity, perhaps deliberately: "roles" for both in the "civic" life of the city does not specify the roles, does not reveal whether the roles are to be equal or involve the preponderance of one side, and uses the vaguer term "civic" where "administrative" or "political" would have been sharper and preferable. Such questions, however, should be negotiable, given the "balanced" approach stressed by Rogers.

The element of time enters urgently into the Jerusalem situation. Besides declaring that its annexation of the Jordanian sector is permanent, the Israeli government has, unilaterally, undertaken extensive "reconstruction" projects in the area, and is encouraging mass resettlement by Israeli citizens. Such consolidation renders Secretary Rogers' approach less and less credible to the Arabs, and ever more difficult to implement. The initial Arab-Soviet response to Rogers was not encouraging; less prominently reported was the reply of Abba Eban in Washington: "Israel will not return to the armistice demarcation lines. There are no former borders." The Nixon Administration, however, need not take this position as final; nor has the fact been lost on the Israeli government that no specific agreements on credit or new arms have yet been worked out following the meetings between President Nixon and Golda Meir last October.

What To Do with the Colonels?

This Greek issue is a hard nut to crack. There are enough active enemies of the colonels' regime—abroad at any rate, if it is not so clear how many there are at home—to ensure that the problem gets continually thrust on our attention, however much we might prefer to let it lie quietly in its corner of the Mediterranean. In the past couple of weeks the adverse report of the European

Norris, *Vancouver Sun* Ben Roth Agency

"The government's right, you know . . . give rioters and ruffians a nice civic square to hold their riots in and you'll have ruffians rioting in civic squares."

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Commission for Human Rights—routinely leaked to the *New York Times*—and Greece's preventive resignation from the Council of Europe have, however, stirred the dust up in thicker clouds than ever.

It's hard to figure out exactly why there is so much fuss about this Greek government. The people who are demanding its overthrow or something don't seem to feel equally upset by the governments of Rumania, Hungary, North Korea, Yugoslavia, Russia, North Vietnam, China, Central African Republic or you name it in Latin America. At least they don't demand *action* in such loud voices in those other cases. No doubt it's partly because Greece has such a special relation to the West.

Like the offspring of a venerable patriarch, Westerners tend to feel that what happens in Greece concerns everyone and is everyone's business. Then, too, the Greeks—most of them intellectuals or parliamentary politicians—who are passionately opposed to the colonels, at home or abroad, have a wide acquaintance in the West and speak good English, traits not possessed by the colonels and most of their intimates. And, of course, on the record this government has been no jewel.

But after all, few governments are. If the colonels' government is bad, it's no worse than lots of others. In fact, it probably rates well above the average these days. Moreover, it doesn't seem to be much worse than most preceding Greek governments. In truth, it is considerably more like the others than superficial appearances suggest. Many of the most criticized of the colonels' decrees—on the press, religion, education, manners and morals—are merely reaffirmations of older laws. As revolutions go, this one has been unusually free from bloodshed. The charges of police brutality and some torture during 1967 seem to have been confirmed, but the scale even as presented by the most bitter accusers is much too small to justify the European Commission's assertion that it is "systematic . . . administrative practice." (The cases cited by the Commission are the same ones listed over and over again for the past two years.)

But suppose we grant everything alleged by the colonels' enemies, opponents and critics. What, then, is the United States Government supposed to do? Overthrow the regime? That doesn't sound too enticing, at least while we still have Vietnam on our hands. Break off diplomatic relations? On the reasoning that would lead to that conclusion, we'd really decimate our diplomatic corps. Stop all military aid and trade relations? Why just Greece, if that's what ought to be done to governments we don't approve of?

An item that usually gets lost in discussion of the colonels' iniquities is the strategic situation in the eastern Mediterranean. To begin with, a war of awesome potential is already going on there. Its waters are part of the region assigned to our Sixth Fleet for the strategic defense of our own security, of NATO and the West; and our Sixth Fleet now confronts a Soviet fleet in those same waters. In the entire eastern Mediterranean and the whole of the North African littoral, the only major ports and bases open to the vessels of the Sixth Fleet are Greece's. Though a fleet, as Mahan taught, belongs at sea, it must have accessible ports to remain indefinitely in a given region. Already the presence of the Sixth Fleet in the eastern Mediterranean is precarious, and its potential uncertain. If the Greek ports were closed, the Fleet might well have to withdraw from the eastern Mediterranean, perhaps from the Mediterranean altogether.

Whatever may be wrong with the colonels, they very strongly wish friendly relations and trade with the United States, and are eager to collaborate closely in military matters—and we may be sure that this last is not least among the factors that have promoted the campaign against them. One should also add that if politicians of the Andreas Papandreou type, not to speak of outright Communists, were part of a Greek government replacing the colonels' regime, the degree of military collaboration might very rapidly lessen. The colonels' regime is the de facto government of Greece, confirmed by three years in power, with no serious challenge. Nothing in historical tradition, diplomatic precedent or national interest dictates anything but normal relations with the present Greek government, plus the special military collaboration, for NATO as for the United States, called for by the strategic situation. It has been shockingly irresponsible for the Senate to hold up the confirmation of Henry J. Tasca as our new ambassador to Athens.

Normal relations with Greece do not mean that private citizens should or will feel inhibited in expressing their criticisms, or even, in this case, that the United States Government should forego attempts to modify some of the regime's excesses and to prod it toward a less arbitrary relationship with the Greek people. Granted that their government is not barbarous beyond the limits of humanity, it is not our national business to tell the Greeks how they ought to be governed. But it is very much to our interest that the colonels' regime should not, by stupidity or frenzy for personal power, collapse in a shambles that might throw Greece into Communist hands. Our good offices will therefore be properly used to help Greece avoid that calamity.

Arithmetic of Strikes

There are 52 weeks in a year. One week's pay is approximately 2 per cent of one year's pay. For a strike to be justified from the employees' point of view, the strikers must win a wage increase of at least 2 per cent over the company's last pre-strike offer to make up in the year after work is resumed for every week's pay lost during the strike. A two weeks' strike requires a 4 per cent increase just to break even in the following year; an eight-weeks' strike a 16 per cent increase, and so on.

From this follows a general law: The longer a strike is allowed to run the harder it becomes to settle. The workers have just that much more lost pay to make up. The strike leaders, to justify their action, must increase their demands rather than reduce them. Meanwhile the company's deteriorating financial position makes it

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As a matter of fact, many magazines in the field have long since gone to $12 (e.g., *Time*) or more. For us, however, it seems a particularly regretable necessity, since it is likely that higher prices will make NR less accessible to younger readers (exactly the people we would like to reach*).

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progressively difficult to improve or even maintain its offer.

Nobody gains from a long strike—a cliché constantly forgotten.

The final returns from the General Electric strike are not yet in. But on the record, and whoever is responsible, the Metropolitan Opera strike (or "lockout") was one of the most senseless in years. The strikers lost half of the Met's 31 weeks' season. It is difficult to make an exact calculation at this writing, but it will surely take a couple of years, and perhaps all three of the new contract, for the strikers to get back even what they lost by walking out instead of taking the Met's original offer. That is, of course, if we assume that the patrons who have been making up the Met's $3.5 million annual deficit will be willing to make up a deficit now estimated to become almost twice as great.

The Persecution and Assassination of the Black Panther Party as Directed by Guess Who

What happened in that police raid on a Black Panther coven in Chicago is unclear—except that two Panther leaders died, and that the Black Panther Party has overnight become Liberal Cause Number One. The conduct of the police has been condemned by the Illinois NAACP ("a modern-day lynching"), the local United Auto Workers civil rights council ("a brutal and unwarranted slaying"), Roy Wilkins ("a vendetta by police authorities") and scores more liberal individuals and organizations. A hastily gathered commission of private citizens, ranging from Wilkins and Arthur Goldberg leftward to Julian Bond and Sam Brown, plans a "searching inquiry" into the question of police-Panther conflicts.

Mind, all these good people reject the Panthers' Maoist ideology and violent methods. But as Ralph Abernathy puts it: "If the United States [sic] is successful in crushing the Black Panthers, it won't be too long before they will crush the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the Urban League and any other organization trying to make things better." Wilkins said of Fred Hampton, Illinois chairman of the Party, who died in the apartment where police found shotguns, automatic weapons and hundreds of rounds of ammunition: "Although he strayed from the NAACP way, he was a fine young man who wanted for his people only what we want for everyone."

Was Hampton (and by extension Eldridge Cleaver, Bobby Seale and the rest) a sweetly reasonable NAACP-style integrationist? Are the Black Panthers meliorists committed to working within the system, like the SCLC and the Urban League?

The Black Panther platform, unchanged since the Party was founded in 1966, includes these points: "We want an end to the robbery by the CAPITALIST of our Black Community . . . education for our people that exposes the true nature of this decadent American society . . . an immediate end to the POLICE BRUTALITY and MURDER of black people . . . a United Nations-supervised plebiscite to be held throughout the black colony [in America] in which only black colonial subjects will be allowed to participate. . . ." Required reading for Panthers are the works of Marx and Engels, Lenin, Mao and Che Guevara.

The Panthers' abstract principles translate into such calls to action as "Dynamite! Black Power! Use the gun! Kill the pig everywhere!" and "In order to stop the slaughter of the people we must accelerate the slaughter of the pigs." Toddlers who receive free breakfasts from the Panthers are taught to chant "Kill the Pigs! Kill the Pigs!" Under Hampton's leadership, each member of the Illinois Panthers had to attend three "political orientation classes" weekly, sell his quota of party newspapers, and own and know how to use at least two guns.

David Hilliard, the Party's Chief of Staff, is under arrest for threatening the life of the President of the United States. What he said was: "We will kill Richard Nixon. We will kill any m----------r that stands in the way of our freedom."

Clearly, then, the Black Panthers are not merely an eccentric political party like the Prohibitionists or Greenbackers. But when confronted with specimens of the Panthers' verbal violence, liberals fall back on the handy evasion that, after all, it is only that—*verbal* violence, rhetorical hyperbole, a revolutionary put-on meant to scare whitey. That excuse will not do in a time when political violence threatens to become routine, and not in view of all those guns police keep taking away from Panthers.

Besides which, the violence is not only verbal. Scores of Panthers and policemen have been killed or wounded in armed skirmishes over the past two years. When confronted with the record of physical violence, the liberal does what comes naturally—he blames it all on the police. To the Panthers, it is more sinister than that. "The Nixon Administration, Attorney General Mitchell and others are out to commit genocide on the Black Panther Party," says their lawyer. The Justice Department and the FBI, the Party line goes, are actively cooperating with local police departments in an effort to liquidate, by death or imprisonment, the Party leadership. Liberals in growing numbers are buying that line all the way.

In reality, federal efforts against the Panthers have been limited. Only two federal proceedings have been undertaken—one against Hilliard for threatening the President, another against Seale and thirteen others for kidnaping and murder. The FBI is known to be infiltrating the Party, and a team of Justice Department lawyers is studying legal approaches to the Panther threat. But there is no evidence of coordination in Washington of police action against the Panthers.

The liberals' greatest evasion was expressed by Man-

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hattan Congressman Ed Koch at an antiwar rally: "I don't agree with the goals or methods of the Black Panthers, but civil liberties transcend the issue of the Panthers' goals." Do they? The Panthers are of course entitled to due process and the other traditional legal protections —just as American society is entitled to protection from people who stockpile sawed-off shotguns. The Panthers have the right privately to contemplate the destruction of America; they have not the right to go out and undertake that destruction. On the evidence of their own words, their caches of weapons and the carnage that arises wherever they are, they have passed beyond private contemplation to action in the real world. Therein lies the crucial difference, one which abstractionist civil libertarians overlook. "We advocate," Hilliard said recently, "the very direct overthrow of the government by way of force and violence, by picking up guns and moving against it because we recognize it as being oppressive and . . . we know that the only solution to it is armed struggle."

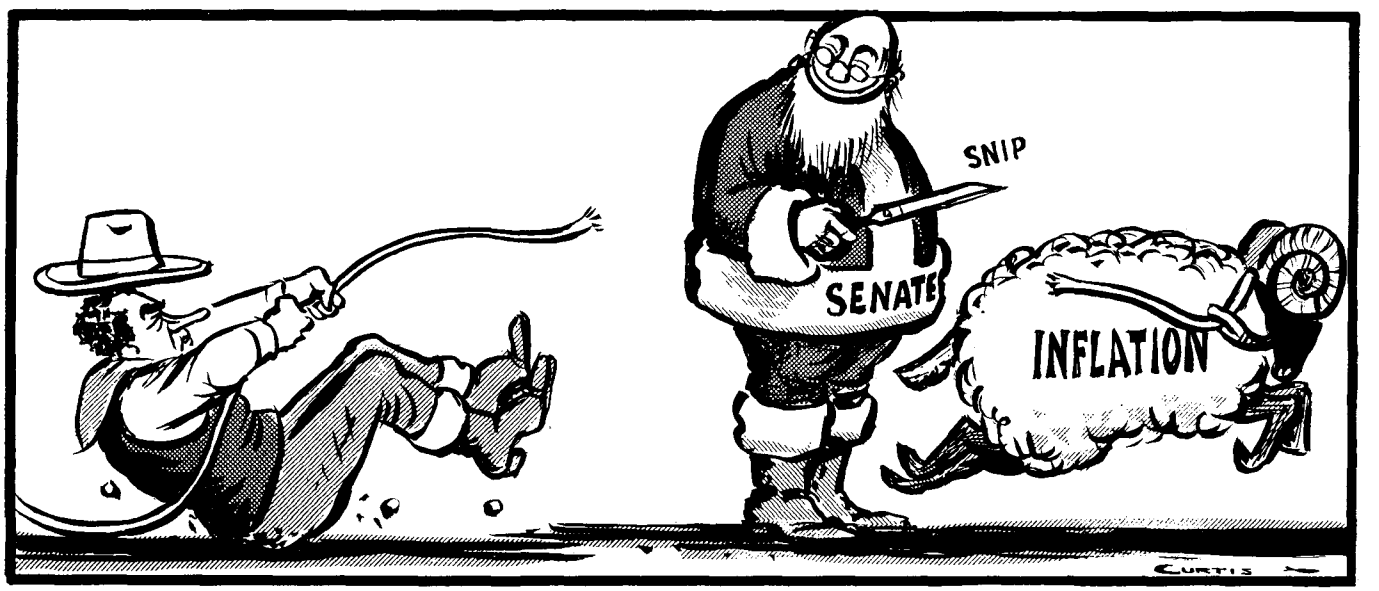
No society can remain free and stable when its dissidents are permitted to take up arms against it. The Black Panthers are beyond the pale; when they possess firearms illegally, or incite to riot, or conspire to overthrow the government, they must be stopped by the customary legal means. The question is one of method (large-scale police raids, for instance, seem to be creating sympathy for the Party throughout the black community); the lines have been drawn.

File and Forget

Milton Eisenhower has pronounced the funeral oration over the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence, and we echo RIP and good riddance. Fortunately the endless verbiage of these inflated public commissions seldom leads to anything beyond job opportunities for typists, printers and social science Ph.D.s (among them men of genuine talent). Otherwise the reports from Mr. Eisenhower's round table would be cause for worry. Even in the commission business, there has seldom been a shoddier medley of dubious assumptions, begged questions, misleading statistics, inaccurate reporting, half-baked sociology, sentimental moralizing, irrelevant conclusions and bad prose than the output of the NCCPV.

All national commissions, it goes without saying, reach the same major conclusion. It would save a lot of bother to have a rubber stamp prepared, with suitable blanks, to be handed on from one commission chairman to the next: *The National Commission on _____ concludes that the problem of _____ confronts the nation with a critical emergency that requires the immediate appropriation of _____ billion dollars and the expenditure hereafter of $_____ billions yearly. There is* hot competition among commissions over which will put in the highest bid. Mr. Eisenhower came close to a record with $20 billion a year to be spent on additional "general welfare expenditures"—"(stated in 1968 dollars)," he slyly added in parentheses. The government won't duck out of its obligations via the inflation hatch if Dr. Milton has anything to say about it.

We don't pretend to be able to give a complete offhand analysis of the causes of violence, but one point we will guarantee: The nation's currently endemic violence is not going to be bought off by upping welfare expenditures $20 billion or $50 billion or $*X* billion. Whatever the historical, psychological and sociological conditions of widespread violence, the political premise—presumably the factor with which government is concerned—may be summarized in a single phrase: the decline in the authority of the organized community, of the state. This authority rests on two grounds: on the existence of an attitude among the citizenry—of loyalty, respect, awe, piety, deference, fear or whatever—that induces people to forgo violence; and on the implied threat and appropriate use of



Season's Greetings

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force by the state to supply any deficiencies in that attitude. The fact is that over the past generation of liberal predominance in our culture and our governing elite, this attitude toward the state has weakened or disappeared altogether in the case of a growing number of citizens at the same time that the state's use of supplementary force—as always when guided by liberals and liberal ideology—has been ill-timed, erratic and inept.

The *only* way to reduce the widespread violence is through the restoration of authority. To suppose that a cure for so profound a malady as now affects us could be accomplished by a poultice of a few billion dollars is puerile. As in all instances, paying blackmail only encourages the blackmailer. But modern secular liberalism has no other cure to propose.

Here It Comes

A *fresh* start with a *clean slate* in a *spanking new* decade: Duck!

1970 will bring the 53rd consecutive bumper drought in the socialist countries, except in the garden plots privately owned by peasants, and the 108th straight year of accelerating social, political, cultural, religious, educational, artistic, economic, ecological and financial disaster in the U.S., a little higher east of the Rockies.

Death will be abolished in 32 states, but not taxes.

The war in Vietnam will continue, but President Nixon will bring home fifty thousand troops in time to pay income taxes.

The government will become concerned with the nation's Number One health problem, overweight. Gauleiter Finch will announce that butter, milk, sugar, ice cream, oils, chocolate, pork, lamb, marbled beef, pastries, cheese, cereal products, potatoes, noodles, macaroni, spaghetti, liquor, puddings, candy, cookies, crackers, pastries, syrups, starches, flour, bread and other fattening items must be removed from grocers' shelves no later than Jan. 1, 1971, and sold thereafter by prescription only. The price of cyclamate substitutes will skyrocket.

The leader of the military junta du jour in Panama will yield to a call of nature before March, and find himself deposed upon his return.

With the aid of impressed American hippie labor, Cuba will harvest a record sugar crop of 42 tons, exceeding the greatest pre-revolutionary output by about 200,000 lumps.

The Secretary of the Treasury will announce in January, March, April, June, September, September, September and October that the dollar is good as gold, that it will never, never be devalued, that the 1967 devaluation of the pound should produce a British trade surplus soon, that inflation does not affect the value of the dollar and in any event the Administration's stringent tight money measures should begin to curtail inflation this year yet, that the devaluation of the lira, the guilder, the kroner, the franc, the pound, the yen, the dubloon and South Vietnamese PRG Military Occupation Scrip does not affect the value of the dollar in any way, that the U.S. trade deficit will reverse, that the outflow of foreign invested capital will reverse, that the outflow of gold will reverse, that South Africa will come to terms, and that the dollar will never ever be devalued.

The price of gold will remain stable near the official price of $35 an ounce until October, when it will rise to $70 an ounce.

Martha Mitchell, wife of the Attorney General, will be nosed out for the Mother of the Year Award by Senator Goodell.

Ari will give Jackie the recently decommissioned *USS United States* for her birthday and Hawaii for Christmas. Oohs and Ahs. Dick will give Liz the famed ten-trillion-carat Rock of Gibraltar in an attractive platinum setting.

The Supreme Court will declare holidays unconstitutional and church-burning constitutional under the First Amendment. It will finally rule that capital punishment is unconstitutional under the Symbolic Speech clause. No decision is expected until 1975 in pending smut cases, because of the quantity of material still to be reviewed in executive session by the Court.

At the urging of his national constituency, Senator Kennedy will drive off a pier.

OUR PEOPLE'S Underworld, leading private conspiracy, will go public and issue shares of common stock, adopting the new slogan: "Serving you better: your investor-owned Conspiracy."

France will join the Common Market. Red China will not be asked to join the UN, but will refuse anyway. Britain will devalue the Labor Government. The UN will vote to disband. Nobody will notice.

Robin Morgan of the Women's Liberation Movement will be exposed as a male impersonator. The Movement, in protest, will not demonstrate against alimony, and fifty

An American Dilemma

Often I have been challenged during these twenty years to come back and to review my findings in the light of all that has happened since I left the scene of my study. I have felt tempted to do so. But I have found it impossible . . .
—Dr. Gunnar Myrdal

My Dear Dr. Myrdal:
I know how you feel.
Reviewing a thesis has little appeal.
You wrote it, we read it, and now it's the law.
Why bother with bigots who fear there's a flaw?
There's much to be done and there's so little time,
So onward and upward: you're still in your prime.
South Africa beckons; Rhodesia, too.
The Hindus and Moslems need guidance from you.
Be bold! Be audacious! Be *brutal* with blight.
But get out of Sweden. (It's hopelessly white.)
W. H. VON DREELE

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million American wives, busy preparing for a comfortable widowhood, will take no notice. However, a filly will win the Kentucky Derby.

Eustis Quill of Fronten Center, Me. will win the first national draft lottery and receive thousands of letters from charities and cranks.

Chicago will decommission Madalyn Murray Airport. New York will consider and reject sites for a fourth jetport in New Jersey, Connecticut, the Atlantic Ocean, Central Park, the Lincoln Tunnel, Macy's and Utah.

Expect more nudity in the theater, the movies, the dance, resorts, hotels, restaurants, beaches, picnics, banquets, sports events, Fourth of July pageants, polling booths, bars and mitzvahs.

Mayor Lindsay of New York will announce a dramatic settlement of the latest garbage strike, featuring the abolition of the Department of Sanitation and the purchase of eighty thousand garbage-eating bears. Labor leaders, claiming unfair practices, will initiate sympathy strikes that tie up New York's mail, subways, commuter railroads, electricity, plumbing, grapes, restaurants, department stores, telephone service, snow removal and life. Nobody will notice. The Mayor's hot line will receive an unprecedented number of complaints about bear droppings.

Wait till next decade.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Sir: What a helluva sour note on one of the most enjoyable, and perhaps one of the most important, events of our time [Agnew's first speech]. May we assume that you will soon favor us with your restructured version of the Gettysburg Address? What perspicacity! How viable, relevant and meaningful! We arrive at Armageddon and our bugler, our peerless mouthpiece, turns out to be a damn nitpicker who would have stopped to parse King Henry's noble address to his troops on Saint Crispin's day.

With much disappointment,
John D. Carter

If he doesn't sound the right notes the bugler will be misunderstood. —*WFB*

■ Mrs. Nika Hazelton reports that her opinion of *NR* readers grows after examining the entries for her contest (Dec. 2, p. 1221)—"first Delectations Competition." The idea was to suggest conversational gambits to use with dinner partners, and the rules (strict) are "no money, no politics, no religion," nothing but harmless remarks. Mrs. H. suggested such things as, "Which end of the bath do you sit in?" Mrs. Hazelton, who uses *NR*'s address, says entries are uncommonly witty, and the judges (Priscilla Buckley, Mrs. Hazelton, C. H. Simonds, WFB) will have an uncommonly long lunch to decide the winner.

■ NOTICE: SPACE WANTED. The Young Americans for Freedom of Manhattan have no office space, having had to surrender the space they had a few months ago for failure to pay rent. Question: Does anyone in NYC have a little extra space? Or an old loft somewhere? Remember, even Marx and Lenin had a little space turned over to them by European and English capitalists.

■ In promulgating your esoteric coagitations or in articulating your superficial sentimentalities or psychological observations beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Please let your conversations on TV and your editorials in *NR* possess clarified consciseness, compacted comprehensiveness, coalescent consistency and cocatinated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations, goddams, blasphemous incantations, flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and assinine affectations. Let your extemperaneous decantations and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility without rhodomontade or thrasmonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabical profundity, pompous prolixity and ventriloqual verbosity. Shun double entendre and prurient jocosity, whether obscure or apparent—longorrheic or otherwise.

Earl J. Beck

Me Bill. Me no like-um Beck. Bad Beck. —*WFB*

■ MEMO TO THE EDITOR
FROM: TJW
Watch your goddam language, boss.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: *NR*'s Nov. 18 edition reports that Jose Rodriguez—not John Smith—has the biggest listing in the Miami telephone directory.

A bleary-eyed Monday morning look through the Manhattan directory produced the following boxscore:

Jose Rodriguez	80
John Smith	65

Best wishes,
Richard Oliver
New York Daily News

■ (PERSONAL). My wife and I will not be sending out Christmas cards, for the third year, on the theory (self-serving?) that if time becomes so scarce that one cannot write a word or two on said cards, the sending of them becomes a mechanical gesture. Friends have not dealt as harshly with us as we have with them. I like especially the note written by Mrs. De Queseda from Jamaica Plains, Mass. "When all seems lost for our just cause of liberating Cuba from its Communist tyranny, you and NATIONAL REVIEW have brought us through the years an encouraging message of solidarity and understanding. May God bless you and NATIONAL REVIEW." And Cuba; thanks, to you all. —**WFB**

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JAMES BURNHAM

MAO AND MORALITY

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

We have found out in Southeast Asia, as the French did there and in Algeria, that we do not yet know how to deal effectively with Mao-type "revolutionary liberation struggle."

I do not have primarily in mind the military dimension of revolutionary conflict. Though that presents special difficulties, these are not beyond the capacity of conventional military wisdom. But the military problem is integrally linked to psychological-political battles waged both in the local theater and on the homefronts of the supporting nations. The current atrocity campaign reveals how the military, political and psychological phases are in turn fused with complex legal and moral challenges.

Most of the "rules of war" as professed by civilized nations and listed in various protocols, sound clear enough. Combatants must be distinguished from non-combatants. A soldier must not shoot non-combatant civilians or women or children. A soldier may not interfere with civilian activity or seize or destroy civilian property except from imperative military need. Torture for any purpose is forbidden. An unlawful order need not be, indeed must not be, obeyed. Well and good. But what do such rules really mean when applied to Mao-type revolutionary warfare?

The Whites of Whose Eyes?

To begin with, modern revolutionary warfare wipes out what remains of the distinction between combatant and non-combatant. Not only are there the standard peasant-by-day, guerrilla-by-night types. Where the revolutionary cadres are active and powerful, all elements of the population—women as well as men, children along with parents and grandparents—may be recruited or coerced into becoming part of the revolutionary force: to supply food, medicine, ammunition and intelligence, to act as couriers and guides, to furnish hideouts, to deceive the enemy with false information—and to cut throats, lay and trigger booby traps, finger an enemy patrol or agent, provide, physically, a screen against enemy bullets. Similarly, the revolutionists make no distinction in their choice of targets. Exactly where is the line to be drawn, then, between combatant and non-combatant by honorable soldiers wishing to abide by the rules of war?

Romanticized Maoist doctrine describes the mass of the people as "the sea" in which the revolutionists securely swim. In fact, the objective of the revolutionists is to transform the people into a weapons system.

But the people have no choice? the guerrillas force them into collaboration? Quite so. (Curiously, this argument, offered in extenuation of acts that kill American soldiers, is often advanced by the same persons who on other occasions tell us that all the Vietnamese except a handful of landlords and rascals are in favor of the revolution.) But this leads into another painful dilemma.

As Lenin insisted, the mass is never spontaneously in favor of revolution; the revolutionary enterprise is introduced to the masses by active revolutionists. The stages in the Maoist formula are well known. A revolutionary cadre is trained, mostly on territory outside the boundaries of the candidate for liberation. Activists then move in to set up a local structure. Invariably the main impetus of early operations is directed not against the establishment slated for overthrow, but against the popular elements who are or might become anti-revolutionary; invariably torture, execution and kidnapings are the chief weapons used to bring "the people" into line.

How, then, does a "regular army" deal with people—the inhabitants of a hamlet, say—who have been so conditioned? What order does a field officer give when his men are falling from shells fired out of a hut where he suspects, perhaps knows, there are women and children? How politely does he question an unmasked partisan when he knows that delay will enable the rest of the local cadre to escape or hide its traces? Not even the finest microscope will get you an answer from the rules of war. Nor will you be much helped by the mischievous precedent of the Nuremberg trials. Naturally a soldier must refuse to carry out an unlawful order, but when guns and grenades are going off in the immediate vicinity, he is not in a good position to debate subtle juridical points with his lieutenant. As in other moral dilemmas, he'll just have to do the best he can.

Why Not Just Quit?

The revolutionists do not fight by the book; they do not observe or recognize the rules of war. That is not surprising. They cannot stick to "civilized" methods, because the civilized structure and its rules are against them; those are what they are fighting to overthrow. In any game, when one side chucks the rules it becomes almost impossible for the other to stick to them.

An English writer recently argued for an immediate U.S. pullout from Vietnam on the ground that there are some kinds of war "that civilized men simply cannot fight"—because, he implied, fighting them inevitably leads to morally intolerable consequences. Many Americans share some such attitude—and some of the antiwar propaganda promotes it, sometimes very shrewdly. It will be a sorry day for civilization if this Manichaean sophism prevails. It is logically equivalent to a grant of victory to any and every revolutionary enterprise, provided only that the revolutionists are able to make the conflict sufficiently barbarous. The revolutionists—even down to our own New Left variety—have grasped this logic, and exploit it. A civilized administrator would not summon the cops to the campus, now would he? Why, some people would be likely to get hurt. □

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LETTER FROM HELSINKI

A breakdown of the composition of the Soviet and American delegations in Helsinki. A look at what has happened at previous secret arms talks with the USSR, and a warning that there are three steps we must not take

Three Concessions We Shouldn't Make

ANTHONY H. HARRIGAN

HELSINKI, FINLAND—The pale northern light barely breaks through the cloud-laden skies at this season and a fierce wind off the Gulf of Finland whips through the streets of this former seat of the governors-general of a Grand Duchy of the old Russian empire. Helsinki thus provides a physically appropriate—even symbolic—setting for the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) between the United States and the Soviet Union. There's only the faintest ray of hope that the preliminary SALT talks will induce the Soviets to slow down their drive for strategic superiority in nuclear weapons.

The SALT talks were planned as secret negotiations and perhaps this is the only basis on which the U.S. and the USSR can hold serious discussions without the latter using the conference as a propaganda forum. Nevertheless it should be borne in mind that Americans have traditionally abhorred secret agreements secretly arrived at. Americans old enough to remember the final political phase of World War II recall the debacle of the secret talks the United States had with Russia at the Yalta Conference. Half of Europe, half of the old lands of Christendom, disappeared behind the Iron Curtain because the United States engaged in secret diplomacy and was ill-equipped for that very tricky game.

It is hoped that the SALT talks at Helsinki won't go down in the history books as another Yalta. Yet it is necessary to consider whether the United States has learned very much about negotiating with the Russians in the last quarter century. In appraising the American effort at Helsinki it is necessary to examine the make-up of the respective national delegations and to consider the assumptions on which they operate,

as well as the mandates received from their governments.

President Nixon's message to the American delegation was that the American goal is "a sustained effort not only to limit the buildup of strategic forces but to reverse it." No one can reasonably doubt that this public statement is anything but an honest expression of American desire. The United States has been committed to this objective since the Baruch plan was advanced in 1946. In pursuing a basic American purpose, the President nevertheless took pains to deal with a dogma of the disarmament-at-any-price advocates who view dismantlement of nuclear weapons systems as the only way to guarantee peace in the world. Mr. Nixon warned the U.S. delegation that he is "conscious of the historical fact that wars and crises between nations can arise not only simply from the existence of arms but from clashing interests or the ambitious pursuit of unilateral interests."

No one knows what instructions the Soviet hierarchy gave to its delegation here. The American public has the word of Deputy Foreign Minister Vladimir Semenov, head of the Soviet SALT delegation, that his country's actions would be "unswervingly guided by the principles of ensuring lasting peace and international security laid down by V. I. Lenin." In other words, the Communists promised to act like Communists. The full import of that simple but fundamental fact may be lost on some sections of the U.S. public.

To handle the most sensitive negotiations of the nuclear age, the U.S. Government selected a five-man delegation headed by Gerald Smith, Director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency—a Republican lawyer who served on the Atomic Energy Commission in the Eisenhower Administration and later became John Foster Dulles' aide for atomic affairs.

THE OTHER U.S. delegates here are: Paul Nitze, former Secretary of the Navy and Deputy Secretary of Defense during the McNamara years; Dr. Harold Brown, former Secretary of the Air Force, another McNamara era figure; Llewellyn E. Thompson, former U.S. ambassador to Moscow; and Major General Royal B. Allison, a much-decorated Air Force officer with extensive experience as an assistant to the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Each of these men is able and dedicated. Yet the combination is somehow curious. Why were two McNamara men selected? It was during the McNamara regime at the Pentagon that the United States lost the immense lead in nuclear armaments it had enjoyed since 1945. The McNamara concept of parity with

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the Soviets in nuclear weaponry—a doctrine to which Nitze and Brown evidently subscribed since they were instruments of the U.S. defense policy then—constituted unilateral disarmament by the United States. Given this background and their continued association and identification with former Kennedy and Johnson Administration elements active in support of unilateral disarmament concessions to demonstrate American good faith, their inclusion in a delegation formed by the Nixon Administration seems illogical. Insofar as Ambassador Thompson is concerned, he is an able and knowledgeable diplomat. But the fact remains that he has been a party to the notably unsuccessful U.S. decision-making of the 1960s—in short, to the mistaken estimates of Soviet intentions that the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations made. With all due respect to the intelligence and patriotism of these three representatives of the United States at Helsinki, one may properly ask: Where are the new faces and authentic voices of the Nixon Administration?

Useless Exercise?

In view of the mixed nature of the U.S. delegation, an observer also may question whether they have the shared understandings and common approach to issues that makes a group of negotiators an effective working team. Looking at the disparate backgrounds of the American negotiators, it is hard to believe that they hold the same views on the nature of power and the character and outlook of the enemy. Different points of view are understandable and fitting at the Washington level, but when American negotiators sit down across the table to deal with a Soviet delegation, which operates on the basis of a well-defined ideology and fixed methods, the U.S. delegation is at a marked disadvantage unless it is a close-knit group. Furthermore, Americans have reason to question the tough-mindedness of the U.S. State Department in the light of Secretary Rogers' statement that the Soviet delegates to the SALT talks seem to want "the same thing we want." This comment certainly doesn't meet the standard of realism the public expects from the Nixon Administration.

The Soviet delegation sent here on a probing expedition, is much more security-oriented than the American delegation. First of all it should be noted that Deputy Minister Semenov is a Soviet diplomat with long experience. One of his earliest posts was in Nazi Germany in 1940. He attained his present rank in 1963 and was made a candidate member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. The two delegates with a scientific and technical background are academician Alexander N. Schukin and P. S. Pleshakov, Deputy Minister of the Ministry for Radio Industry.

Whereas the U.S. delegation has only one military member and only low-ranking officers serve on the delegation staff, the Soviets have a full military complement. Serving as delegates are Col. Gen. Nikolai V. Ogarkov, First Deputy Chief of the General Staff, and Col. Gen. N. N. Alekseev. Gen. Ogarkov occupies a far more prestigious position in the Soviet military establishment than Gen. Allison fills at the Pentagon.

In addition to the general officers on the Soviet delegation, the Soviets' advisory staff includes three generals and one vice admiral. The U.S. delegation is without a naval adviser of flag rank.

Considering the fact that the SALT talks involve professional military decisions, it seems unfortunate that the U.S. Armed Forces should have only one senior representative on the combined delegation and advisory staff. It is appropriate to mention that one reason recent Democratic Administrations made such tragic mistakes in the national security area is that they did not give professional military judgment an adequate role in the decision-making process. The lack of comprehensive U.S. military representation at the crucial SALT talks is a cause for concern.

One of the U.S. delegates in the conversation with Ambassador Smith—at which this reporter was present—emphasized his personal conviction that we should score gains "now," and not worry too much about long-term dangers. While the delegate in question has a right to believe in the value of a short-term gain—presumably a quick agreement on a nuclear agenda—the United States has to bear in mind the peril that could result from hastily considered proposals.

There is immense pressure from anti-preparedness elements in the United

The Russian Presence

HELSINKI, "Daughter of the Baltic," was well-chosen as the site of the first round of what are likely to be protracted negotiations between the U.S. and USSR. The city is rich in reminders of the sweep of Russian ambitions. A massive statue of Czar Alexander II dominates Senate Square in the historic center of Helsinki with its government buildings in the neo-classic Imperial Russian style. Above the inner harbor basin is the Orthodox Uspanski Cathedral with its gilded onion domes, suggesting the proximity of the Eastern world.

The Finns can't forget the closeness of the Soviet colossus. From 1809 to 1917 they were under Russian rule. They fought two wars with the Soviet Union in the 1939-45 period. The price they paid was loss of valuable territory and a de facto ban on association with states outside Moscow's orbit. By the terms of the peace treaty signed with the USSR, Finland is barred from possessing atomic weapons—even of a defensive nature.

Despite the arms limitation unilaterally imposed on them and their strict adherence to neutrality, the Finns believe in military preparedness. This week I had an opportunity to observe a tank-infantry team of the Uusimaa Jaeger Battalion make a mock assault on a rocky island where the Santahamina Military Academy is located. Machine-gun and recoilless rifle-equipped troops wearing green camouflage uniforms for concealment in Finland's forests, smashed their way through birch woods supported by tanks with canon firing. They showed dash and zeal. The Finns don't emphasize that the Russians are a threat, but everyone understands. Certainly they don't imagine they could defeat a massive Soviet army, but they know they could inflict painful losses on an invader. Patriotism and national security are honored words in Finland. Ninety per cent of the nation's youth serve in the army or aboard the fast, gas-turbine driven gunboats based along the coast. The Russians know from experience that the Finns are tenacious, and respect the firmness of their small neighbor.

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Russians respect strength. This is an aspect of the Russian psychology that one hopes the U.S. SALT delegation understands.

The Soviet delegates arriving at the Williamsburg-style red brick U.S. Embassy, resemble pallbearers at Stalin's funeral: squat, glum men in drab grey overcoats and Depression Era fedora hats. Their transportation for the occasion—a small fleet of black sedans that seem to be modeled on a 1959 De Soto.

The Soviet journalists here are far more colorful and sophisticated. They dress in well-cut Western suits and are on a first-name basis with American and European media representatives who regularly cover big power meetings. At the Finnish Prime Minister's dinner for the press corps—a lavish evening affair held in a portrait- and antique-filled countryhouse built by a Swedish landowner in the early nineteenth century—my table companions for after-dinner coffee and cognac were the deputy foreign editor of *Izvestia* and *Pravda*'s former correspondent in the United States. They told amusing, satirical stories about the Chinese Communists, blandly discussed a summer junket aboard a Soviet cruiser in the Caribbean, and, when asked what had happened to a Soviet press official who dropped out of sight, one said sadly "the booze got him."

The most amusing part of the evening came when the *Pravda* correspondent learned that I represented NATIONAL REVIEW. He said I was the first NATIONAL REVIEW writer he had met. I don't believe he could have been more surprised if someone at his table had declared he was a CIA agent. NATIONAL REVIEW really must get under the skin of Soviet journalists assigned to the United States, for the *Pravda* man spent the rest of the evening throwing verbal darts at the magazine.

Snow was falling as we walked out under the white portico with its tall Ionic columns and boarded our bus for the return trip to Helsinki. The *Pravda* correspondent continued to crack jokes. Finally, he leaned across the aisle of the bus and said: "You know of course, that the bus driver is drunk and the Soviet border is only a short distance away. We may stray over the border. Then we will have our hands on a NATIONAL REVIEW writer." Soviet humor to be sure. Still, I was glad to know that the driver was cold sober and the Soviet border far to the east.

—AHH

States and Western Europe for President Nixon to agree to discuss a freeze covering one or more nuclear weapons systems. The U.S. delegation, while declining to give press interviews or briefings, nevertheless cannot be unaware of the question of its image in the American news media and the expectation—almost the insistence—that the delegation achieve a breakthrough in these preliminary talks.

The Soviets, for their part, are free of such pressure. Public opinion and the power of the media are non-existent factors insofar as Soviet policy makers are concerned. They are free to proceed without hindrance or questioning by any elements outside the national command structure.

A specific danger associated with the SALT meeting is that the Nixon Administration will agree to a moratorium on vital weapons testing and development during disarmament talks. A unilateral halt in nuclear weapons testing or development would be a reversion to the bankrupt notion of the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations that the United States must show its good faith to the Soviet Union even if the demonstration retards progress in vital security systems.

Suggestions that the United States halt testing of multiple warhead missiles (the MIRV system) during the course of the disarmament talks are patently absurd. Such concessions don't impress the Soviets except as an illustration of the Americans' public relations attitude toward foreign and military policy planning. The net effect of a U.S. weapons test halt would be to confer additional military advantages on the Soviet Union.

Unfortunately, some U.S. and Western press reports from Helsinki embody the basic assumption that the superpowers must bring their nuclear armaments into balance in order to ensure world peace. This is a fundamental misconception as the history of the nuclear age clearly illustrates. The threat to world peace results from the increase in Soviet military strategic capabilities—that is from the shift to equalization of the Soviet and U.S. nuclear arsenals.

If the SALT talks prove to be a step toward American acceptance of military technological equality between the superpowers, the United States will have lost the position of nuclear predominance that has made possible freedom from nuclear conflict during the cold war. This doesn't mean that the SALT talks are a useless exercise for the United States. On the contrary, in time, the U.S. and the USSR may be able to reach agreement on limitation of certain types of arms, especially those weapons that are costly to both nations but that no longer represent key factors in the military plans of the two countries. If one or more weapon systems are of marginal importance to both superpowers, they should be able to agree to discard such systems and devote the resources thereby saved to peaceful purposes. The SALT talks and future negotiations certainly should take into account the fact that some military systems have been rendered obsolete by the advancing state of the military art.

Stand-Still Proposals

While it is financially unsound to maintain obsolescent weapons systems the U.S. must be careful to avoid a "freeze" on key weapons systems under development.

In the first place, the U.S. will find it impossible to check on whether a "freeze" agreement would in fact be applied in the USSR. The United States is an open society and long ago endorsed the idea of international inspection of nuclear sites. The Soviet Union, on the other hand, is a closed society. It has no intention of opening its territories to nuclear inspection. Thus the United States has no foolproof way of verifying that agreements made by the USSR at the conference table are carried out. Satellite photography is good, but not all that good. Moreover, it is a matter of record that the Soviet Union resorts to deception. It promised to refrain from deploying weapons in space, and then moved ahead with the testing of orbital weapons. It regularly conceals tests of weapons until it is ready to spring the devices on the world.

The American public should understand that any one of the following actions—proposed by advocates of speedy disarmament—would place America in jeopardy:

1) *A halt in the testing or installation of MIRV (multiple independently targeted re-entry vehicles).*

MIRV is the one nuclear weapon in which the United States enjoys a clear

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lead. The Soviets currently have more land-based intercontinental ballistic missiles than the United States (1,350 to 1,054). They also have the most powerful missiles—the 25-megaton SS9. The lone advantage possessed by the United States is in sophisticated warheads—the MIRV—and it can't afford to toss away this advantage.

2) *A halt in testing and deployment of the Safeguard ABM (antiballistic missile) in return for a Soviet promise to halt deployment of the giant SS9 rocket.*

The U.S. would abandon reason if it dropped ABM defense in exchange for a scrap of paper from the Russians. An ABM takes years to develop. The United States has its work cut out for it in perfecting the Safeguard technology. The SS9 is completed military hardware, with all technical problems solved. Even if every SS9 were dismantled, these weapons could quickly be reassembled and moved into position.

3) *The scrapping of all land-based missiles and resort to seaborne systems.*

While the U.S. has the most sophisticated sea-based missiles (Polaris and Poseidon), the fleet ballistic-missile system was not designed to stand alone. The submarine missiles are comparatively short-ranged. The Soviets have increasingly strong attack submarine forces with the mission of destroying Polaris submarines. Finally, construction of Polaris submarines was halted some time ago, while the Russians are pushing ahead with building of missile-firing submarines.

These three danger areas—or standstill proposals—must be avoided at all costs. No one can say at this point where free-ranging discussions will lead, but the lengthy talks, preliminary or substantive must not be allowed to obscure the fact that military technology is in constant evolution—and we can't afford to take a holiday from research testing and development.

Cynicism: Soviet or American?

Until such time as the possibilities of arms limitation can be fully explored—and the task may take five years—the only safe course for the United States is to strengthen its nuclear deterrent power.

If the nations of the world become convinced that the Soviets enjoy comprehensive nuclear superiority, they will offer little resistance to an increasingly aggressive foreign policy. Even more of a threat to peace would be the growth of a firm conviction among the Soviet leadership that the USSR is forging ahead in nuclear war-making capabilities while effectively curbing American atomic defense through diplomatic maneuvers at Helsinki and elsewhere. The Soviets have felt some restraint in the cold war years because of their awareness—their fear, to be precise—of America's immense retaliatory power. If that fear is removed because of mistaken American moves at the SALT conference, the Helsinki meeting could be a prelude to disaster for the United States and its allies.

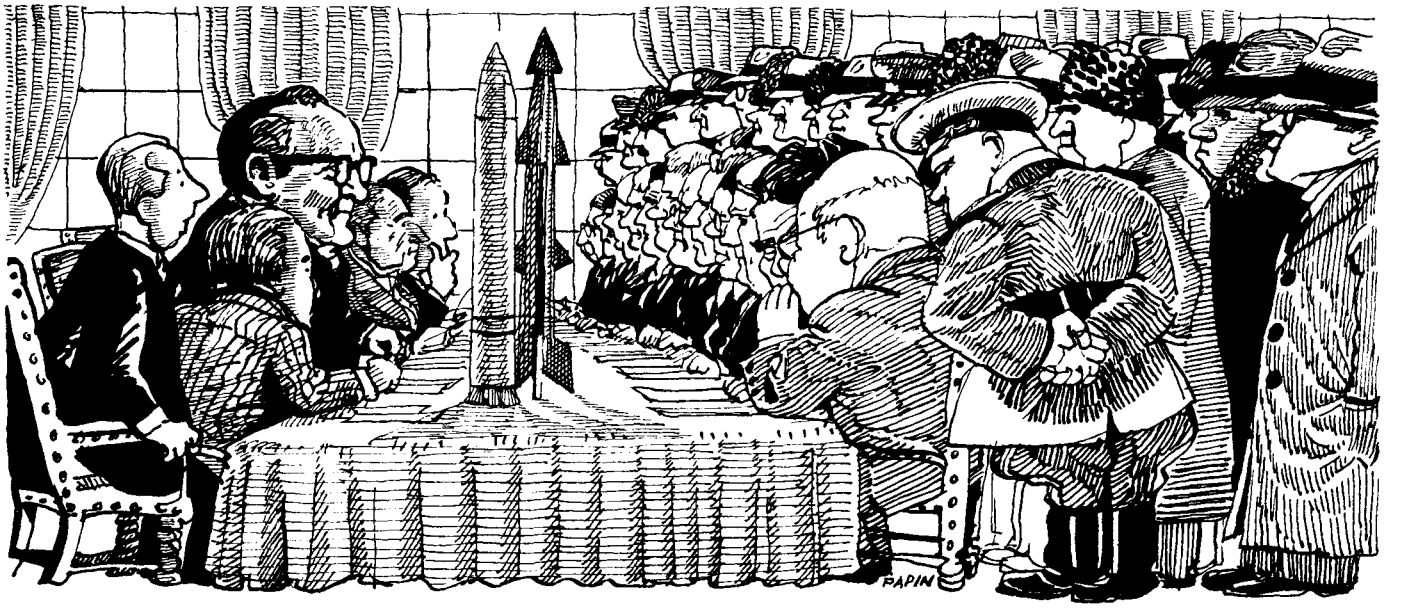
A real danger in disarmament talks with the Soviets is that the American people may lose sight of the fact that parity with the USSR, not U.S. nuclear superiority, is the real destabilizing force in the world. The key factor in the nuclear age is not the weaponry but the men with the power to order their use. America's leadership is firmly committed to peace and freedom, whereas the leadership of the USSR has engaged in rocket-rattling on many occasions.

American nuclear strength, therefore, is not provocative to the Soviet Union, for, despite their propaganda, the Soviet leaders know that the U.S. doesn't plan any assault on Soviet territory. American nuclear weakness, however, would be a positive incitement to the Soviets to achieve the goals of their expansionist and totalist policy by resort to a nuclear first strike.

Secretary of State William P. Rogers recently said "it is easy to be cynical about the prospects for the [SALT] talks into which we are about to enter." If there is cynicism, it surely is on the Soviet side. No responsible American wants to attack the Soviet Union. The USSR, on the other hand, has the motivation for a nuclear attack built into its philosophical system with its commitment to overthrowing capitalist states.

Thus America's nuclear defenses—Minutemen, Polaris, Safeguard and now MIRV—arise from necessity. Being mindful of the requirements of necessity is not cynicism.

In the final analysis, therefore, the United States can agree to limitation of its strategic arms only when the Soviet Union proves by its deeds that it has abandoned all thought of using force to dominate free societies. □



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ON CAMPUS AND OFF

This Time, Our Side in Boston Common

DAVID BRUDNOY

In late November, within a sanctum at Harvard ("in the house of mine enemy"), Massachusetts' Young Americans for Freedom burned the *Harvard Crimson* editorial endorsing the Vietcong, and announced to the few gentlemen of the Fourth Estate who bothered to accept YAF's invitation to attend, its intention to counter the Moratoria-Mobes. Anticipating the nationwide conservative demonstrations on December 13-14, the Boston-based group staged its event on Pearl Harbor Day in the Common, where the largest Octoberfest was held. YAF had gone to war.

Validating Agnew's Second Law of Media Dynamics (the press doesn't give a damn about presenting *both* sides), Boston's dailies buried miniscule stories on the obituary pages; their coverage aimed at minimizing what was to happen. But they couldn't bury the demonstration itself, which, coming only a week after the only press conference, and publicized by word of mouth, drew thousands to Boston Common on a windy Sunday night, December 7. Rally planner and state YAF Chairman Don Feder glanced derisively at the newsmen and told the angry crowd just *how* the papers had suppressed word of the rally. To Feder's: "The press can no longer ignore us; in the words of William F. Buckley, "Say it again, Spiro!' "; the audience responded with a roar; the reporter nearest me twitched. Monday's papers gave us front-page attention.

Gathering in front of Bullfinch's magnificent State House, candle-carrying students trooped behind a hundred-piece band and circumambulated the Common, singing Woody Guthrie's "This Land Is Your Land" and shouting "To Hell with Ho," etc. Three old ladies, shivering on the sidewalk, were crying; one tugged my sleeve and whispered, "God bless all of you." Hundreds lining the streets cheered, others jeered; one young man looked somberly at his girl and said very loudly, "It's goddam about time!"—and joined the march too, pulling her along. Eventually, four or five thousand were in the field, to stand freezing for two and a half hours.

It was the first time some had felt themselves in a majority, outdoors, in years. We had no big-name speakers, no money, no publicity, but this was only a foretaste; spring plans include a second pro-Administration rally—to bring more people to the Common than the eighty thousand here for October's Moratorium. "Patriotism is alive and well on Boston Common. We want peace, honor, *and* freedom for everyone," former YAF National Chairman Alan MacKay said. *USS Pueblo* crewman Ralph McClintock told us of what his North Korean captors had boasted: the Communists hope to subvert us, to corrupt America's spirit with help from the "peace" groups. "I have lain on the deck of my ship in battle and the only thing I had to fling back were four-letter words. No longer."

Early on, a Cuban refugee, once involved in raiding sorties on his homeland in the early 1960s (before President Kennedy discouraged that) jumped on the grandstand, unfurled huge American and Cuban flags and a sign proclaiming *"Liberación por la Esclavizada."* In barely understandable English, the Cuban, holding the American flag by himself all night, told us what Communism had done to Cuba. An SDSer who tried to burn Cuba's flag was rescued from the crowd by a cop. Despite their threats to interfere, most Weathermen stayed away; perhaps the cold was too much for them, maybe they were in California boycotting grapes. Two small Negro boys ran smiling among the crowd waving miniature American flags; one climbed on the grandstand and sat quietly as Harvard YAFer Doug Cooper gave the evening's most thoughtful speech: "The war is not hurting us as much as are its critics, who clamor only for material things; we need more than just a higher standard of living; we need a higher standard of character in America."

Vietnam veteran Dennis Hyyti, winner of 26 combat medals, discarded his speech ("I don't need it") and spoke simply, unaffectedly: "All those people do is cut America down. . . . This is the greatest country; I've seen Communism in Vietnam—it's a nightmare."

As in October, some at the rally were opportunists. Perennial Boston also-ran politician Albert "Dapper" O'Neil, an enthusiastic backer of October's affair, found it in himself to appear at our rally, uninvited. Muscling onto the platform, Dapper emoted through his hackneyed "impromptu" talk, a grotesque parody of himself in October when he told YAF about supporting *that* Moratorium (before he caught on that we opposed it). And the crowd contained its share of Yahoos shrieking inane slogans —"Hippies are all Commies," "Long hair equals traitors." Most in the audience were college kids, middle-aged couples, and old veterans, but some were hoody types probably motivated by their gut reaction against dissent.

And that signals the new conservatism's current dilemma: Can YAF enlist the vital support of bright collegiate disaffecteds without also unavoidably drawing people who aren't conservatives, who don't know or care about the issues, but who merely want to foul up the "peace" people? If it gathers the latter, despite its desires, will YAF go the SDS route—into violence, know-nothingism, cynicism, repressiveness—thus losing its intellectual support? To many from the colleges, the rally was a mixed blessing: it began the needed, long-overdue counteroffensive against those who would destroy America; but it may also be the beginning of a terrible, mindless backlash which might ruin YAF and, much more importantly, which would hurt America more than the shattered SDS has already done.

It was heartening at the end to see Hyyti and another teen-aged veteran, James Holland, ceremonially burn their captured *Vietcong* flag; it was rather disquieting to hear a burly fellow behind me shout: "Yeah, burn the peaceniks too!" To which sort of sentiment the entire Brandeis undergraduate YAF delegation, one lone sophomore, shuddered. We sang "God Bless America" and went home, exhilarated, nervous, wary. □

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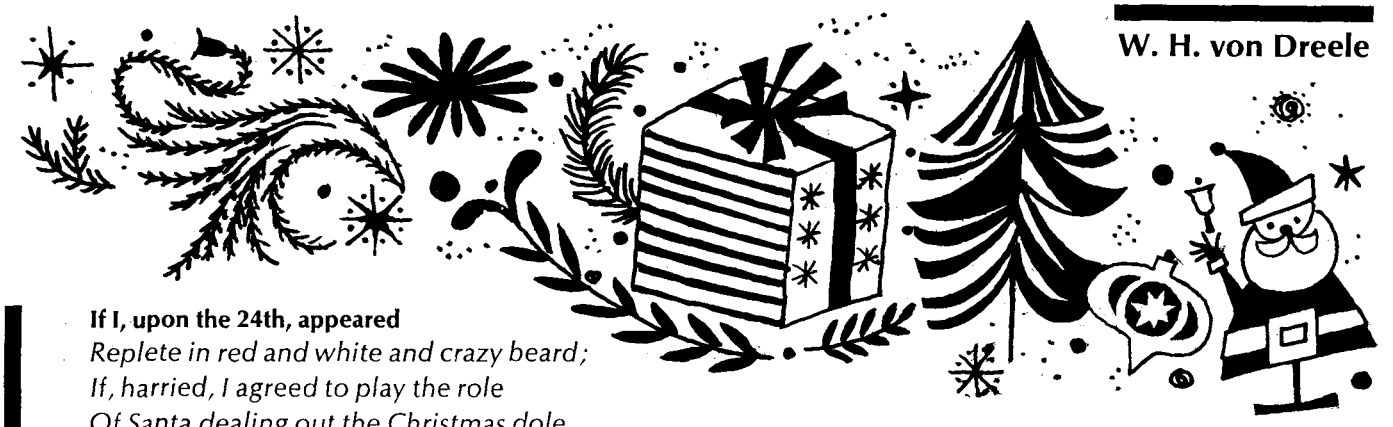

W. H. von Dreele

If I, upon the 24th, appeared
Replete in red and white and crazy beard;
If, harried, I agreed to play the role
Of Santa dealing out the Christmas dole
(An attitude some daddies find quite sound),
I'll tell you what I'd like to pass around:

To all the folks in Mayor Lindsay's tent,
Who staggered in with 42 per cent
And, consequently, feel a little bare
(The current styles preclude long underwear);
I give these mini-winners maxi coats
To cover up a minimum of votes.

I've searched my bag, but find no pot-pourri
To soothe the wounded Solons of TV.
Traditionally, very naughty boys
Get stockings full of coal instead of toys.
But since it's Christmas Eve, I'm giving each
A copy (signed) of Spiro Agnew's speech.

To Nelson Rockefeller, who endorses
Republicans, until they lose their horses—
Then puts his money on another nag—
I've got a dandy present in my bag.
For services too little and too late,
I give the Governor the ruddy gate.

For Dr. Spock, a man of childish sins,
My gnomes suggested open safety pins.
But I preferred a gift that's really living;
As RCA would say, "that keeps on giving."
And so I thought of something diabolic:
I'm giving Spock a case of constant colic.

In case you're wondering if old St. Nick
Is, Christmas-wise, becoming slightly sick,
Here's something I've already wrapped and sent
To Richard Milhous Nixon, President.
Because I like what's shooting from his mouth,
I'm giving Mr. Nixon all the South.

And incidentally, in my opinion
We owe hosannahs to the Old Dominion.
With Holton, the Virginia GOP
Has finally moved up from slavery.
So (har-dee-har and with supreme elation),
I free Virginians from integration!

Not all my gifts can be so grandiose.
Therefore, because the fellow came so close
And lost—to Pennsylvania's Hugh Scott—
I'm giving Howard Baker one more shot.
And to inject some "dash" in his career,
I'm lending him my favorite reindeer.

Before ascending, here's a last memento
For Mr. Right who lives in Sacramento.
Alone among the governors, he passes
As "friend" among the badgered middle classes.
For running a conservative production,
I'm raising Reagan's personal deduction.

It's time to go; my toes are getting numb.
I've doled out every blessed sugar-plum.
The evening really wasn't such a drag;
I've still got lots of loot inside that bag!
A liberal would give it all away...
This Santa's saving for a rainy day.

A Reluctant Santa Claus

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COVER STORY

Thinking of having a really spiritual Christmas this year, like the folks in the old country? Forget it, says Mrs. Heath, if you have a family like hers, which chances are, you do

A Trapp Family Christmas

ALOISE BUCKLEY HEATH

ONE of the reasons—I say one of the reasons because I could think of *several* others if I put my mind to it—that I kept on having babies for years after all my classmates were taking turns being President of the Planned Parenthood Association, was that I always thought a big family would be such fun at Christmas.

I even know why Ben Heath, who is tied to me by the bonds of marriage, has the Spirit of Christmas around Thanksgiving and the Spirit of Ash Wednesday around Christmas. I keep telling him I know. "I know," I say. "I know. I know. I know."

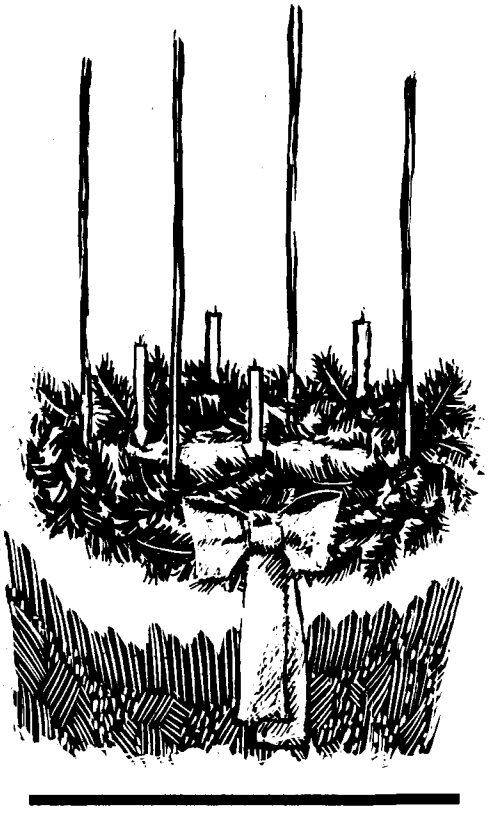
I know we always get more glitter and glue on the floor than on the candles and that I never remember to wipe it up until the dining-room carpet (new last January) is permanently (though not uninterestingly, I always think) spangled.

I know I look absolutely insane, crawling around in the snow for weeks before Christmas, putting candy canes on window sills and galloping madly off in the dark shouting "Ho! Ho! Ho!"

I know the newsboy would rather have two dollar bills than a $1.95 flashlight wrapped in green paper and silver ribbon, with "TO MERVYN" spelled out in red Scotch tape.

I know nobody can eat those Cut'n'Bake cookies the children decorate as Christmas trees with green sugar and cinnamon hearts and then (too many cinnamon hearts) as Santa Claus with more cinnamon hearts and melted marshmallow and then (too much melted marshmallow) as angels with more melted marshmallow and pink crayon.

I know it's un-Gesell and not even altogether Spock to match candid blue eye to candid blue eye with a ten-year-old and say: "But, sweetie, how should *I* know why Polly's Santa Claus is really her father? Maybe her father *has* to be her Santa Claus, poor little thing! Maybe Santa Claus just doesn't *like* Polly. Did you ever think of that?"



I also know ten children, well, anyway, seven—who aren't going to read this.

I know all that. What I didn't know till this year was what Ben meant, every Christmastide, when he kept tossing out, not at all at random, the words "materialistic" and "spiritual." What I always thought he meant was that it would be materialistic for Alison and Betsey and Jennifer and Timothy to get a Chatty Kathy apiece, but spiritual for them to share one. I mean, that's what I thought until one afternoon last week.

That afternoon they were all in the coat closet (well, they *were*, that's all; they *like* the coat closet) making out their Christmas lists. Pam, who can spell, was helping the ones who can't write; and Alison, who is magic, was helping the ones who can't talk. I had my ear at the crack in the door, listening, because I'm still trying to hear one of those childhood conversations whose innocent candor tears at your heartstrings. You've read about them, I'm sure.

What I heard was my dear little ones calculating how much more each of them would get for Christmas if they didn't have so many brothers and sisters to share the loot. They itemized, giving reasons for their choice, the siblings they would gladly exchange for a hockey stick or an Army bugle or a Barbie doll with a different dress for every single day of the week. From what I could hear through the crack, *nobody* kept Buckley and Timothy, which is understandable—let's face it—but hardly nice.

THEN AND THERE I decided (yes, *again*) that there is more to old Ben than meets the eye and that this Christmas the Heaths would be spiritual. Spiritual *also*, I mean. At my age you just can't cut those old materialistic ways right out of your life like *that*. My resolve was easier than you think because, at the time, I happened to be reading a book called *Around the Year with the Trapp Family*. Actually, I was reading it to find out why the Trapps play the recorder better than we do, a fact which is widely bruited by those who have heard us, though not necessarily

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the Trapps. It turned out, though, that the Trapp family spends its year not practicing the recorder, as I had hoped, but in "Keeping the Feasts and Seasons of the Christian Year," which was, in fact, the subtitle of the book. We plunged into keeping the Christmas Season of the Christian Year like the Trapps. Some of us (me) plunged more enthusiastically than others (Jim, Pam, John, Priscilla, Buckley, Alison, Betsey, Jennifer, Timothy, Janet and their father).

Certainly, some of the things the Trapp family does at Christmas are not entirely suited to the Heath family. I know. I *know*. And some—give me that much—I didn't even try. Like baking the traditional *Speculatius* on December 6th (St. Nicholas' Day), for instance; or the traditional *Kletzenbrodt* on December 21st (St. Thomas' Day), or even the traditional *Lebzelten*, *Lebkuchen*, *Spanish Wind*, *Marzipan*, *Rum Balls*, *Nut Busserln*, *Cocoanut Busserln*, *Rum Stangerln*, *Pfefferniisse* and *Plain Cookies*, on December 23rd. Especially since the freezer was bulging with all those still Uncut'n'Unbaked rolls of cookie dough. Nor did I consider for more than one mad moment suggesting that everybody take a nap before Midnight Mass and that their father awaken them by initiating a procession from room to room with a lighted candle, singing "Shepherds Up!" (each verse pitched a half-tone higher than the last), though I think it would be lovely, myself. Maybe when Ben is older . . . mellower . . .

We *did* make an Advent Wreath with four red candles, and it was beautiful; but John and Priscilla are Junior Fire Marshals, and though they said it was all right to hang the wreath from the ceiling on four red ribbons, they wouldn't even *discuss* letting us light the candles after it was hung. And, as a matter of fact, I know perfectly well that Ben Heath would light off for the South Seas before he would light the candles, stand under the wreath, read the Gospel for the day and listen to the children sing: "Ye heavens, dew drop from above and rain ye clouds the Just One . . ." Even if I could get the children to sing it. Are your children *giggly*?

Can't Go Wrong . . .

The Trapps say that "Silent Night" should be sung for the first time on Christmas Eve, and they convinced me, and I convinced the children; which would have been enough to make me abandon the whole idea if I hadn't been so bemused with good will and all. It wasn't till I got the notes from Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miano, Mr. Segar, Mrs. Arnold, Miss Billinghan, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Larratt and Miss Bates that I remembered that the Fourth Form Glee Club Concert, the Grade VII Carol Sing, the Grade VI Christmas Vespers, the Grade III Christmas Play, the Grade II Christmas Chapel, the Grade I Christmas Assembly, the Kindergarten Christmas Program and the Nursery School Christmas Party (to all of which I have been kindly invited) have three things in common: rehearsals, Heaths and "Silent Night." *I quite understand, I wrote Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miano, Mr. Segar, Mrs. Arnold, Miss Billinghan, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Larratt and Miss Bates.*

I really didn't see how the *Christkindl* custom could go wrong, though. I *still* don't. In the Trapp family, at the beginning of Advent, every one writes his name on a piece of paper and the papers are put in a basket which is passed around as soon as the children have finished singing: "Ye heavens, dew drop from above." Everybody picks a name from the basket, and the pickee, if you follow me, becomes the picker's secret *Christkindl* and the idea is, you do your *Christkindl* a good turn every day until Christmas without letting him know who you are. It sounds simple, spiritual and also fun, doesn't it? And it works out *beautifully* in the Trapp family. In fact, from Advent until Christmas, the Trapp household resounds with the glad cries of *Christkindlen* who have found their shoes shined, their doll houses tidied up and the table already set the day it was their turn. But there *are* a few technical problems that I feel you should know about, just in case you plan to be spiritual next Christmas.

In our house, the first technical problem was Jim. Jim said he was too old for this kind of thing, and I said, what did he mean, too old; most of the Trapps are older than he is; and he said, not those dumb kids that sang that dumb Do-Re-Mi song aren't older than he is; and I said, well, if he thought he was too old at fifteen, what did he think I was; and he said too old at forty-two (*never* tell children your age), but anyhow, I won because after all, I'm the one who has to sign his Driver Education Permission Slip—and also, if I didn't drive all over New England every Saturday to see the Kingswood JV wrestle, who would? Then the others said, what about Timothy and Janet? Timothy and Janet were too little to do good turns to the *Christkindlen*, so why should they be any-

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body else's *Christkindl*? I said, I *must* say, this didn't sound very much like the spirit of Christmas to *me*, and I would take care of the babies' *Christkindlen* if every one was so worried, and let's *draw*, for heaven's sake! So we drew, and five of them drew their own names and Janet ate one, which turned out to be John, after we hit her on the back. So we made another slip for John (a piece of paper *our* baby has eaten is *distinctive*) and we drew again and eight of them drew their own names. I said, maybe it would work out better if I drew a name for each of them, and they said, No *sir*, not and have you know who everybody's *Christkindl* is and comparing what everybody did for their *Christkindl*, no *sir*, Mother, none of that stuff. Jim and Pam said that if they could have paper and pencil and peace and quiet they could probably work it out by mathematical probabilities, but it was getting pretty late, so I called them up by ages, and before Jim drew, I took out his name, and before Pam drew I took out her name and put back Jim's, and so on. (Well, unless I *tell* you, how will you ever know how to do it?)

When we had all drawn (which took far more time to do than to read about, no matter what you're thinking), everybody opened his little slip of paper "at a given signal." That's how the Trapps do it, and that's how we did it. I said: "Everybody ready? One. Two. Three. Open. Well, pick it up and open it *now*, Alison! Everybody does *not* have to fold their paper up again and forget the names they drew . . . Besides, how could they? . . . Not fold the papers, for heaven's sake; forget the *names*! . . . Well, all right . . . All *right*, I said; we're *starting* over. Everybody ready? One. Ready, Alison, anybody would think you were five and a half. Two. Three. Open. ALISON!!"

So we opened our little slip of paper at a given signal (the Trapps said "a" given signal, not which, after all) (what irritates me is that Alison can't even *read!*) and everybody learned the name of his secret—*secret*, mind you—*Christkindl*. This is another uniformly joyful moment in the Trapp family. At this moment in the Heath family, Jim looked up from his slip, glared at John and groaned. John looked up from his slip, glared at Jim and made vomiting noises. Priscilla said: "Oh *Mother*, do I have to have that pest?" Buckley said: "Mother how do you think that makes a poor little boy feel to have everybody in this whole absolute world call him a pest every absolute minute?" Everybody nudged everybody else. "Jim has John. John has Jim. Priscilla has Buckley," they told each other.

The Solution

The non-readers came running up to find out who their *Christkindlen* were. "Pam," I whispered into Betsey's ear. "Pam," shrieked Betsey. "Betsey has Pam," everybody told everybody else.

"Tim-Tim, but don't tell," I whispered into Jennifer's ear. She flung her arms around Timothy's head. "Tim-Tim, I *know* sumpeen. I *know* sumpeen, Tim-Tim," she roared. "Jennifer has Timothy," everybody told everybody else. The baby ate her paper again, but it was all right this time: I knew whose name she had eaten. I had arranged for us to draw each other, because we're in love.

A few minutes later they thundered upstairs to homework or bed, and even over the rattling of the window panes I heard the negotiations. "Well, then, will you trade Priscilla for Alison and a nickel? For Alison and a dime? For me not hiding your shell collection? For not hitting you in the stomach as hard as I can?"

Actually, it didn't turn out too badly. After a few days of such good turns as reporting that a *Christkindl* hadn't done his arithmetic because he was going to copy Georgie's before school tomorrow (and he just can't *learn* anything that way, *can* he, Mother?), or throwing a *Christkindl*'s cherished leather jacket into the washing machine (because it was so absolutely *filthy* he could have got *germs* from it, Mother), or taking the batteries out of a *Christkindl*'s flashlight because she reads under the covers after bedtime (and that's why practically *everybody* practically *constantly* goes blind, isn't it, Mother?), everybody was getting pretty tense. (Well, all right: bloody.) And in our family, when *everybody* is tense, *somebody* minds it enough to stop it. I don't know which of them found the solution to our *Christkindl* problem; all I know is every Sunday now, they each buy seven penny lollipops, and every night they slip a lollipop under their *Christkindl*'s pillow. Well, I know that doesn't sound so terribly spiritual, but it's better than what they used to do. What they used to do was steal each other's lollipops.

I wouldn't want anybody to think that my baby and I have sunk to such a mundane relationship, though. We haven't had to change our routine at all. Every morning Janet allows her *Christkindl* to rock her a little, and every evening I rock my *Christkindl* a little. □

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CHRISTMAS IN ALASKA

In the First Place, There Was Always Snow....

PATRICIA S. COYNE

IN THE first place, there was always snow. The settlers of Alaska's Matanuska Valley never worried about a white Christmas. Christmas was always white. Not to mention Thanksgiving, Easter, Halloween and even an occasional grim May Day.

But my parents had plenty of other things to worry about. Would the water pipes freeze? And if they did, would my father be able to get them unthawed with the blowtorch? Or would he have to hire Pete Lepac with his professional pipe thawing machine for $15 per hour? Would the tractor start? (Even under the best conditions it never started without a lot of tinkering.) Because if it didn't, my father wouldn't be able to haul logs from the forest to cut into wood for the kitchen stove, our heating system. All of it.

And the minor worries. Wet woolens and nowhere to dry them. Cars stuck. Alaskan women and children spend a great chunk of their lives standing in cold clumps waiting while men slam down hoods and try it again. Cold and machinery don't mix. And Alaska is cold.

My father must have felt it keenly on those inky mornings when the temperature touched forty below and he had to trudge to the barn to milk the cow. He may, on such mornings, have questioned the wisdom of leaving his easy life as a New York concert musician. And my mother, who on such mornings shifted blankets stuck to the wall with frost, probably felt nostalgic for her old home in Connecticut.

But living in Alaska had compensations. My mother didn't have to wear a hat to church, for instance. She always maintained that that was the reason she had come to Alaska. And my father shaved only when he felt like it. And clothes. My mother just *wouldn't* spend money on *clothes*. *Money* was for the *New House* which was to replace our converted trapper's cabin. If we got too raggedy, someone would always leave a box of used clothes on the porch, as was the custom in the Matanuska Valley. And then there were the mountains surrounding our valley, as grand as any in Switzerland. My mother was always calling us to come look at them. She never stopped wondering at them. We children, I'm afraid, took them for granted. I wish we hadn't.

But most important, Mother could raise us as she wanted to. Society encroaches minimally when it's forty below and the wind blows straight in off the glacier. On such days, Mother would sit us all around the stove and read *Snowbound* and the telephone wouldn't ring (there was none) and no one ever came knocking. She'd read to us a great deal and teach us about things like the constellations and the fall of Troy and how Schumann was crazy and Beethoven deaf. And she tried to teach us to act rationally and to be kind and honest and some of it stuck because she was so much that way herself. And even now I'm still stunned when I find a member of her generation being irrational or unkind or dishonest.

Of Rocking Chairs . . .

My mother and father moved to Alaska in the Thirties, and my father had trouble getting work at first, bass viol players being in short demand on the last frontier during the Depression. They spent their first winter in a tent in Anchorage, where my oldest sister was born. But my father taught himself carpentry, picked up odd jobs, and eventually, after the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, Anchorage had an Army base to build and although bass viol players weren't needed, carpenters were. My parents began to look for another place to live in the event the Japanese also decided to bomb Anchorage and they found the Matanuska Valley. And loved it. They claimed an abandoned homestead with three of its eighty acres cleared and a trapper's cabin. My father added a wanigan which served as a kitchen and livingroom—only temporary, of course, for soon he was going to build a grand new house with a special room to eat in called a diningroom and a bedroom for everyone (there were three daughters by then) and a big basement in which we could give puppet shows (for some reason my mother always dreamed of puppet shows). And so we moved temporarily into our trapper's cabin. And twelve years later we were still there.

My parents hated to spend money on something only temporary. But on the other hand. . . . We never did get running hot water, but my father finally installed an indoor toilet which was separated from the livingroom by a curtain which hung there for years until Daddy finally found and hammered up an old door upon which was painted "For Employees Only." (My mother had been properly raised and it was absolutely never joked about.) And no bathtub, of course. But finally a sizable kitchen sink.

Our living room was about 10 by 10. Close quarters for a family which eventually grew to six and made even closer by Mother's refusal to throw anything away. Ever. Our living room also contained an oversized victrola-radio combination and a trunk full of 78 records which no one ever played because the trunk was always piled high with magazines, letters and last year's geography papers. Then there was my father's easy chair with the stuffing coming out of the arms. (You could sink way down into it because the springs rested on the floor.) And there was a rocking chair because you couldn't raise babies without a rocking chair. (When my own first baby was born in Fairbanks, Mother sent me a rocking chair which my husband had to carry home on his back through three miles of snow drifts.) There were the bookcases covering one whole wall and a fold-down table used at Thanksgiving. There was an old, ornate pump organ to sing around. But at Christmas, there was always room for the tree.

Fortunately it was never a very *lush* tree. In the Alaskan climate, evergreens grow skimpily and probably feel themselves lucky to be growing at all. But to us our trees were always magnificent.

On the day before Christmas, Mother would bundle us each in long underwear, a snowsuit, a hat, a scarf for our our faces, two sets of mittens, two pairs of unmatched, army surplus socks with holes in the heels, and thick lace-up rubber boots. Then we'd all waddle out, following our father across the frozen potato field and into the woods to find our tree. It was usually beginning to get

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dark by the time we were dressed—it was always beginning to get dark in the winter in Alaska but it took a long time for the night actually to come—and the mountains in the east would be brilliant pink and the forest black against them and the cold pressed in on our faces through our scarves and it would have all been very hostile and lonesome except for our father. He'd tell us stories about Christmas in the orphan home where he was raised. And how they had oatmeal with no milk or sugar and how they were only given an orange and an apple for presents. And we'd revel in the luxury and opulence of our life with parents and real toys and a turkey for dinner.

. . . and Trees

The woods were still and muffled. Occasionally a moose would crash through the brush up ahead, but Daddy would always tell us that they were more afraid of us then we were of them. It was cozy to have Daddy there and the moose afraid of us.

The small spruce were always very thin so we'd look for a large tree with a good tip to cut off. It involved a lot of circlings around with our faces up and pointing out of bare sides and callings of "Come Here. Look at this one." And by then it was usually too dark to see anything but black masses of branches but we'd finally agree on one because we were getting pretty cold, and Daddy would cut it down. And then we'd all trudge victoriously homeward, dragging the tree and belting out "O Holy Night" with verve and gusto.

We'd shed our wet mittens and socks and hold our fingers over the stove until we could move them again and then would start the decorating. Christmas tree decorations, like clothing, were something Mother didn't buy. But they weren't the sort of things neighbors were likely to leave at the door either. We had some nice ones sent to us by an aunt in Connecticut, but not enough to fill up the tree. The rest of them, we made.

We hung construction paper chains all uneven and splotched with paste. We threw ourselves into more ambitious projects like fringing tin-can tops with tin snips and decorated cut-outs from last year's Christmas cards. One memorable year Mother tried to make snow by whipping detergent powder. It hung there in globs, weighing the branches down, occasionally breaking off and clattering to the floor. The whole house reeked of Tide until January 1.

Mother, as I mentioned, conserved things. She even saved and reused Christmas tree tinsel. Every year there would be masses of broken, tangled tinsel. But we children, who assumed that we were dealing with tinsel in its natural state, knew how to deal with it. We'd sling it on the tree in gobs, we'd tuck wads of it into bare patches. We'd sprinkle the loose broken pieces like rain.

We also had among our decorations a string of lights. They weren't particularly good lights, the bulbs weren't all working, and on the ones that did the stain had begun to chip, but we loved them. You had one Christmas tree, and you had one string of lights and when they were lit, the dead bulbs didn't even show. Of course we hadn't many trimmed trees to compare ours with. That

was one of the advantages of living in Alaska.

After the tree was ready we would all sit around it and sing carols with my mother there at our wheezy old organ. Sometimes my father would bring out his bass viol and thump and improvise a bit of Thirties boogie-woogie during the pauses. Then between carols, he'd twirl the bass around on its pivot and pretend to get his fingers caught in the strings and it was agonizingly funny.

By that time it was usually pretty late but Mother would always read. We'd sit around the stove, open the oven door and stick our feet in to warm them up for the night—Mother never would allow us to go to bed with cold feet. On Christmas Eve she was usually winding up *Christmas Carol* (in the original) and we'd laugh and clap when Scrooge said to Bob Cratchit, ". . . and therefore, I am about to raise your salary."

My Mother was . . . well . . . resourceful about the gifts she bought. Our stockings yielded up frothy little baubles like tooth brushes and nail clippers and vitamin pills. We always received one major present and it usually leaned toward the practical. One year she got us, for instance, pillows. They were very nice pillows and no doubt we needed them but they weren't quite the stuff of Christmas Eve dreams. Yet I don't remember being disappointed. One Christmas morning I did feel just slightly let down. We awoke and were enchanted to find large boxes way under the tree up against the wall to conserve wrapping paper. (My Mother also saved used wrappings and our opening ceremony was punctuated if not actually dampened with warnings about not ripping the paper.)

As it turned out the boxes were suitcases. Since we had never traveled anywhere in our lives and had no plans to travel in the future, suitcases were not the sort of gift that we could get immediately involved with. But Mother assured us that they would be very handy when we went to college. (I was about ten at the time. She was right. They did.)

Pampered Children

But there were wonderful presents too. One Christmas morning when I was very young, I awoke to find a swing built for me between the kitchen and the living room. Not every woman would care to have a swing between her kitchen and her living room but Mother was different. Another year when my little brother was young and Mother decided he was going through his climbing stage, my father built him a ladder going up the living room wall. It looked a bit peculiar and guests would keep glancing at the ceiling over it in quest of its function.

I don't understand how Mother managed a Christmas dinner in that kitchen and with that stove but we always had one and on white linen table cloth and the good silver, and we'd all be very

(Continues on page 1337)

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LETTER FROM LONDON

Mr. Waugh, on his first trip to America, was determined to find the seamy side of life here so that he might, as he says, be named next Resident Poet at the Library of Congress. He flunked

An Innocent Abroad

AUBERON WAUGH

WHEN CHARLES DICKENS visited America for the first time in 1842, he came as the representative of an older, richer culture, anxious to report the idiosyncrasies and oddities of the New World rather as one might recount the cute ways and endearing perceptions of small children. When Auberon Waugh arrived, 127 years later, conditions had changed somewhat. Possibly there is still a market in England for quaint and patronizing tales of American life, but if so it is not an appetite which the English can nowadays afford to indulge. No Englishman visits America unless he is on a currency fiddle or unless he hopes to get something out of the natives or, happiest of all arrangements, unless Americans, from the bottomless depths of their hospitable natures, are paying for him.

I came at NATIONAL REVIEW's invitation, for which I shall be eternally grateful, to spend a month in the United States as their guest and report as an English conservative on what I saw. Don't ask me why NATIONAL REVIEW thought this a good idea. In San Francisco, I have been told, there is a restaurant which offers its customers the spectacle of bare-breasted girls swinging from ropes. Perhaps I was to fulfill a similar role. Inevitably, the quest for entertainment in the world's richest country produces some far-fetched ideas. Or I might have been part of America's Jeffersonian syndrome, somehow connected with overseas aid and the decision to ban germ weapons. Finally, I decided that I was probably part of that enormous American industry catering for the national appetite in deprecatory self-analysis. I was to prove for conservatives what Pinkville and Sharon Tate's murderers did for liberals. Next in the series, after America through the eyes of an English conservative writer, would be America through the eyes of

a Finnish Presbyterian oboe-player, then America through the ears of a blind, monoglot Ukrainian cobbler.

Before I left, I was solemnly charged to find out all about Mr. Nixon's global strategy by the editor of the *Spectator*, the London political weekly for which I work, and advised that Americans like nothing more than to be insulted. Abuse their hospitality, ridicule their way of life, reveal them as people consumed with avarice and callous hatred of the poor, I was told, and not only will NATIONAL REVIEW's circulation begin to rival that of *Time* but also I would be hailed as a genius, offered a resident professorship of economics at Berkeley and appointed United Nations adviser on nutritional problems in the Third World.

So I arrived at Kennedy Airport on August 31, feeling rather like an army sergeant inspecting his squad's barrack-room for the tiniest speck of dust. Throughout August, I was told, all the psychoanalysts in America are on holiday, with the result that if you talk suddenly to any American woman she will burst into tears and tell you that she was never able to establish a satisfactory relationship with her mother. I resolved to speak as suddenly as possible to every American woman I met, and spare them nothing in the way of cold contempt when they burst into tears. In fact, none of them ever burst into tears, although I had many interesting conversations with them about their relationships with their mothers. Most American women seem to be a mine of fascinating information on this subject. Perhaps it is the only thing which two strangers, meeting in the vast diversity of the American culture, seem likely to have in common, that they both had mothers. The general run of American experience in this field appeared to be that my informants, having once enjoyed a particularly close relationship with their respective mothers, found with developing maturity that their relationship was rather less close, and wondered whether this was normal and healthy. I thought it a perfectly normal and healthy development and was happy to tell them so, but I rather blush to think of the various roles which my own mother was required to play as I delivered this sage advice, and it is possible that we were always lying to each other on these occasions, in the interests of politeness and social convention.

But I did not have far to search in New York for the first specks of dust. The second day of my visit—September 1—turned out to be Labor Day, celebrated by the workers as a reason for abstention from labor. In England,

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September 1 is known only as the Feast of St. Giles and the Twelve Holy Brothers, so I was unprepared for the event. The streets were almost completely deserted, but I had been ready for this, since everybody in England knows that it is unsafe for New Yorkers to walk abroad, even if they have the inclination. It was a swelteringly hot day, but I thought it wise to look as English as possible in a dark pinstripe city suit, hoping that the criminals would realize where I came from and reckon it not worth their while to rob me, since all Englishmen abroad are by definition penniless. Under these conditions, my first impressions of New York were of heat, fright and garbage. The garbage was not something extraneous, spoiling what might otherwise have been a rather beautiful scene. It was an organic part of the city which would have been far more frightening without it. Skyscrapers *must* collect filth around their bottoms. It is a logical, aesthetic and psychological imperative. Man is not a machine designed for skyscrapers and the rubbish they accumulate around them is eloquent testimony of this.

New York: Real Cool

In any case, no conservative should be frightened of garbage. The idea of freedom from garbage is of extremely recent origin, and such standards of hygiene have only been reached through the abandonment of much greater and more important freedoms. Right up until the end of the last century it was normal for citizens of the baser sort to use the streets of London as public lavatories, in broad daylight. Nobody would have thought of walking through the Strand or Covent Garden without holding a handkerchief to his nose, just as no person of quality, a century before, would have thought of walking out in London after dark without either an armed servant or a weapon to protect him from the envy of the less well-appointed. Every capital in the history of the world's civilization has presented the same picture. Those attaching greater importance to hygiene and personal safety than to the commercial opportunities and cultural advantages of metropolitan life could always live in the country. There is no logic in a situation where metropolitan life enjoys all the advantages of country life—freedom from grave risk of assault and rape, freedom from pollution and garbage—in addition to its social and commercial advantages, since the countryside would soon become depopulated and the towns hopelessly overcrowded, thereby undoing the situation.

This is plainly what has started to happen in America, and the only trouble is that in the fool's paradise of the last half century many people who are not suited by temperament to the rigors of metropolitan life have been gulled into the big cities. Now there must be a new dispersal, to restore the balance, but I do not see it as a great social evil. Those who can't stand the heat should get out of the kitchen.

Comforted by such sturdy conservative reflections as these, I proceeded down West 52nd Street toward Broadway, sweltering in my London suit and musing whimsically on the paradox of Labor Day. As I was about to pass a particularly large pile of garbage, three Negroes emerged from behind it and confronted me. Was I to be mugged on my first day in New York? I commended my soul to my Creator and hoped that the American entertainment industry, or at least NATIONAL REVIEW, would put a plaque on the spot.

Their leader said to me: "Man, you look real cool." Nothing could have been further from the truth, but he had a decidely malevolent look in his eye, so I prepared to hand over my wallet without further discussion.

"Would you like to give us some money to help us get cool, too?" He said. Suddenly, I realized that he was requesting, not demanding, so I forgot about my wallet and gave him two coins —they might have been either quarters or dimes—which I found in my pocket. He did not actually thank me, but as I walked away I reflected bitterly that I could not really claim to have been mugged. Nobody would have believed me back home even if it happened to be true, and an American audience would not be the slightest bit impressed. The incident was entered in the accounts which I have to present to my Tax Inspector—every Englishman's familiar—as: "Interesting experience $0.50."

Of course, New York must be one of the most delightful places in the world to live if one is prepared to put up with the attendant—and necessary—inconveniences: garbage, pollution and the occasional interesting experience, whether of rape, assault, robbery, actual murder or merely of a fright occasioned by fear that one of these is imminent. The Algonquin Hotel, where I stayed for a week at the beginning of my American tour, is an oasis of calm and civilized conversation. Since they do not believe in giving preferential rates to visiting English conservatives there is no particular reason why I should be polite about the hotel, but I should like to put on record my conviction that it might almost have been built for visiting English conservatives. Within a minute of arriving, travel-stained and weary, deafened by my cab driver's conversation, a complete stranger in an unknown city in an unknown country, I had been greeted as a long-lost brother by the hall porter. He asked tenderly after the health of my Uncle Alec, the popular novelist, and other members of my family about whose health I was not able to be quite so reassuring. He expressed his unshakable confidence in the prospects of any literary enterprise I might ever have undertaken, or be about to undertake. He regretted, I seem to remember, the passing of the *ancien régime* in Egypt, but I did not linger long enough to learn whether this was a reference to the court of King Farouk or to the Pharaohs. Already, in the terrifying world of Progress and Technology, of Negro problems and drug addiction and generation gaps, I had found a friend. However, it is my duty to report on the seamy side of everything I found, and I must record with sorrow that the hotel's general manager —an otherwise completely delightful person called Andrew Anspach—was insufficiently convinced of the iniquities of Mayor Lindsay and the poverty program.

The Mysterious Mr. Clay

The next friend I made was in a taxi. There was a shortage of them, so we agreed to travel together, and I was told that we had to pretend to be great friends, or the cab driver would charge double fare. In the course of the journey I mentioned that I was concerned to explore the seamy side of New York, and denounce it to the world, so that I would be appointed the next Resident Poet at the Library of Congress, but had been unable to buy tickets for *Oh! Calcutta!* This was well known in England as the most disgusting sight available in New York, symptomatic of all that was most depraved in the City's decadent capitalist culture, presented by an English left-winger called "Kenneth Tynan." Unfortunately, however, tickets were changing hands at $40 each, and I had been unable to get any. Never mind, said my new friend, all one needed to do was to say at the box office that you were a friend of Mr. Clay. Nobody

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knew who Mr. Clay was, but it always worked.

Accordingly, that evening, I told the man at the box office that Mr. Clay had suggested to me that he might have a few tickets after all. Perhaps it was my imagination that the man turned green, but the tickets were in my hand within a second, and he even seemed surprised that I paid for them at the official price of $10 each. I still don't know who Mr. Clay is—or perhaps one spells it Klee—but I should like to take this opportunity of thanking him very much.

Oh! Calcutta! failed to convince me that New York City was about to collapse into the Hudson River. Judged as a strip show, it was both more amusing and more erotic than most. Judged as anything else, it was abysmal—the music, unlike *Hair*, was dull, the sets were amateurish and the sketches lacked any coherence or uniform standard of quality. Perhaps Tynan had been invited to come to America by the *New York Times* to record the acidulous impressions of a visiting English socialist. If so, he came to mock and he stayed to pray.

Guillible Marxists and Sweet Maoists

My own preparations for America were not more complete. A friend, Alistair Horne, the writer who has been there often and whose treatise *The Land Is Bright* is usually regarded as the standard work on the subject, assured me that the most extraordinary thing about the Americans was that they never changed for dinner. He was quite emphatic on this point. Americans all sat down in the evening wearing the same clothes they had worn for breakfast, like Bedouins in the desert. Anybody who wore a dinner jacket would be mistaken for a servant or a musician. "Travel light, young man," was his advice. Accordingly, I arrived in New York with only a pair of pyjamas by way of evening apparel.

The first telephone call I received at the Algonquin was from an old friend in Washington whose husband used to work at the London embassy. I had proposed myself to stay with them later in the trip, and she was telephoning to confirm the details. A dinner party was being given to commemorate the occasion in Washington by her husband's aunt, daughter of a former President, to whom I had already lost my heart when I met her in London. "We're very informal these days, in Washington," said my friend "practically everyone thinks a black tie and dinner jacket are all right for the evenings." And I had not even brought a dinner jacket. Hasty telegrams sent my wife, in West Somerset, motoring through the English night to our home in Wiltshire, where she collected my dinner jacket and caught the next plane to Detroit, bearing the essential garments.

From Detroit, which seemed a beastly town, it was only a stone's throw to Ann Arbor, Michigan, where I happened to have a sister married to a member of the classics faculty at the university. It is one of the advantages of belonging to a large family that one can usually find a blood-relation somewhere around. My sister lived in much greater style than I had thought possible—professorships of classics are not the best rewarded occupations in England, and even in the eighteenth century few would have had much to fear if they had walked abroad after dark—in a beautiful red-brick house of classical design with white pillars and everything one could desire. They did not change for dinner or drink mint juleps at sundown but they served wine with their meals, brandy afterwards and kept a servant of sorts. I asked my brother-in-law if I could inspect his students, which he obligingly arranged, because I had been told that American students were one of the seven wonders of the world.

During my tour of America, I visited five university towns: Ann Arbor, Michigan; Charlottesville, Virginia; Winston-Salem, North Carolina; Columbia, South Carolina; and Lincoln, Nebraska. I met individual students whose main concern was world revolution, smoking pot, sex, the Latin liturgy, Biafra, world peace, drinking, football, poetry, Thucydides, the Confederate cause, Vietnam, the poverty program and black power. A few were even interested in their careers, and the extraordinary opportunities available to American youth as the inheritors of the earth, but these were very much in the minority. If one had to identify a single quality which was possessed by them all—apart from their friendliness, likability and extraordinary measure of open-minded honesty—it would be their innocence.

This may be a euphemism for their ignorance. For my own part, I am simply not sure. Certainly it is true that many of the American students I met were characterized by an extraordinary ignorance of anything outside their chosen field, and quite a few were remarkably ignorant inside it. But ignorance was not accompanied, as it is among the more ignorant European students, by any lack of interest. A student of black power, or of the Confederate cause, would listen in wide-eyed fascination when one lectured him about Thucydides, about Biafra, or wine, or English politics, or the Latin liturgy. There was a noticeable readiness to accept people as villains or saints—Nixon and Mao, Stalin and Castro—but very little ability to comprehend or evaluate the great, grey areas in between. Anybody they meet or speak to must by definition belong to the saints. Villains are distant people, presidents and chiefs of police, who can be talked about but never met. Having seen so many American students, I can never again attach any credence to the stories I read—even in NATIONAL REVIEW, sometimes—of vicious, dedicated revolutionaries. It simply does not tie in, somehow, with all those wide-eyed, gullible Marxists and sweet, vulnerable Maoists who told me how worried they were by their relationships with their mothers.

America of the Constitution

While at Ann Arbor, I was taken to a faculty meeting presided over by Dr. Robben Fleming, President of the University, to discuss tactics against the student demonstrators. His predecessor had been a much-respected Midwestern worthy whose speciality was to make patriotic speeches at student Vietnam sit-ins. No doubt this is the course of action which we should all prefer, in best Coriolanus fashion, but the university chose to succeed him with Dr.

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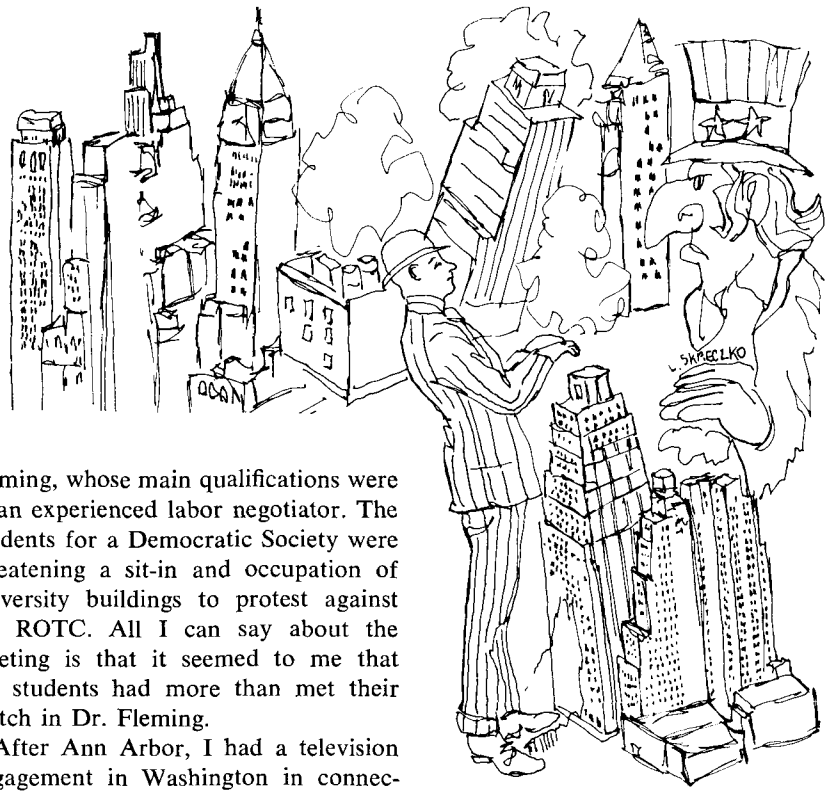

Fleming, whose main qualifications were as an experienced labor negotiator. The Students for a Democratic Society were threatening a sit-in and occupation of university buildings to protest against the ROTC. All I can say about the meeting is that it seemed to me that the students had more than met their match in Dr. Fleming.

After Ann Arbor, I had a television engagement in Washington in connection with my book on Biafra. It was a religious program, run by a Jesuit. In England, one's relations with the Catholic hierarchy are somewhat strained by the fact that they are invariably asking for money, and seldom approach one for any other reason. So I was a little surprised when the good priest asked me if the trip had involved me in any expenses. Of course not, I replied indignantly. When I shook hands with him to say goodbye, I found a little piece of paper left in my hand. What could it be—a secret message, in code, to be taken to the Latin underground at home? It was a $20 bill. Obviously, one needs to come to the New World to be tipped by a Jesuit.

The next day, we had planned to visit North Carolina, but we decided to celebrate this unexpected windfall by hiring a car and spending the night at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville. There are many reasons for visiting the United States which I can imagine—greed, vulgar curiosity, missionary evangelism—but I had never thought of it in terms of an architectural pilgrimage. In Charlottesville, and at Monticello nearby, I was quite astounded to find eighteenth-century architecture as fine as anything in Europe. Why on earth do Americans not boast about it more? In Europe we hear nothing but how many thousands of millions of dollars you have spent getting to the moon, or how much you spend every year scenting yourselves, while here is something which all Americans really can be proud of. Charlottesville is something well worth the two-thousand-mile pilgrimage, a monument to that splendid America of the Constitution which still survives, discernible through all the perfumes and pre-packaged foods of the Consumer Society.

On the way back, we toured the great battlefields of the Civil War, after a brief stop at a town called Orange. Everybody there was called Waugh—the funeral director, the grocer, the *garagiste*, the real estate agent. We left it like two cats out of hell, fearing some typically gargantuan American practical joke.

Knowledge of Belonging

North Carolina was probably the most epicurean of our ports of call. If modern American civilization has any point at all—as opposed to providing merely the wherewithal for Americans to live out their natural span in this vale of tears as comfortably as possible—then its justification must be found in the sort of life lived by our host and hostess, of Winston-Salem. This testimonial is more than an appendix to my bread-and-butter letter. It represents my profound conviction that the capitalist system needs no more elaborate system of apologetics than will be approved by a study of the life and times of these two friends in Winston-Salem.

He is president of a dyeing works, or something like that, and no doubt he dyes and finishes as conscientiously as any man alive. He is also connected with tobacco, I suspect, and most of the other things which go on in Winston-Salem, but he seldom mentions them. His life, so far as one can see, is completely devoted to the arts, to entertaining, to having a good time and to other good works like community relations. Guests at his home in the mountains, are offered the choice of fishing, trekking, dove-shooting, waterfall-jumping and a thousand other occupations. Or they can merely sit and watch humming birds dart around the lawn, staring moodily at the assembled throng of poets, sportsmen, cousins, actresses and local dignitaries. I chose dove-shooting, although I wasn't sure what it was, because it sounded like a good conservative occupation, and waterfall-jumping, because I had never heard of it in England.

Within twelve hours, I was equipped with jungle camouflage equipment, like a Vietcong guerrilla, a gun was placed in my hands, eight other sportsmen were assembled and my host put me to sit under a tree. "If you find the doves rather hard to hit when they're flying, just look up in the tree, and you'll usually find one sitting there," he said. The advice was most useful. Waterfall-jumping involved being put in a plastic bowl and pushing yourself over a thirteen-foot waterfall. I wondered who thought of it first. My host owns the waterfall, because he once saw someone throwing garbage over it, and became so indignant that he bought the whole area, which he intends to turn into a national park.

At his other home, in Winston-Salem, he takes guests to the innumerable art galleries, academies of the performing arts, community centers and museums which he has sponsored. At one such, he stopped to ask the attendant about a picture. "You ought to know, sir," she replied pertly, "you gave it to us."

No doubt my host has many counterparts all over America, although few can surely possess his qualities of energy, kindliness and unaffected gaiety in quite the same degree. I make a few special claims, knowing no one like him, but I do maintain that any system, which can produce, for anyone with sufficient ambition and drive, a way of life like his, needs no further justification.

After Winston-Salem, we stayed with a most distinguished American poet, at

(Continues on page 1337)

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LETTER FROM INDIA

Behind the Naga Rebellion

PRAKASH C. JAIN

CHINESE COMMUNISTS are giving far more aid than is generally realized to the nearly one million Naga, Mizo and Kuki tribesmen agitating for independence in the remote Indian province of Assam, and are very likely to succeed in turning the rebellion to their own advantage.

Some four thousand Nagas and Mizos are currently being trained in China for guerrilla operations. More go there each day, crossing over to pick-up points in Burma and East Pakistan, and from there by Chinese buses and planes to camps in Yunnan. Training includes political indoctrination, economic warfare (counterfeiting) and guerrilla tactics: blowing bridges, derailing trains, night attacks. In addition, the Chinese aim a steady barrage of radio propaganda into Assam, which is so remote that few Indian broadcasts are heard there. They have also already established relay posts and arms dumps in Burma.

Geography is perhaps the most important ally of the rebels and their Communist supporters. Assam is fenced in by a four-hundred-mile border with Tibet to the north, another four hundred miles with East Pakistan to the south and west, and six hundred miles with Burma on the east, territory in which Chinese Communists roam free. The only passage to the rest of India is a tract fifteeen miles wide through which runs a single railway line. It would not be difficult for China simply to invade and take the place over: Perhaps that is what is being planned as the Chinese rebuild the old World War II road from Yunnan to Assam. The terrain—high hills, deep valleys, man-high bushes—is ideal for guerrillas.

The Communists are being aided most of all by a Naga hunger for religious and political freedom that far antedates Communist involvement. The Nagas launched their violent movement in 1952. In 1956, rebel leaders created an independent Naga Federal Government, the legitimacy of which is still undecided, mainly because only 40 per cent of the Nagas themselves support it, the rest going along for fear of reprisals. This terror has successfully counteracted India's considerable efforts to win over the more moderate elements among the Naga.

In 1963 India detached Nagaland from Assam and made it a separate state with its own chief minister and legislature, and promised that the Nagas could void any act of the Indian parliament affecting them. In 1964, military operations against the Nagas were suspended. In April of 1966, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi held direct talks with the rebel leaders but their intransigence ruined the effort. Through the cease-fire and negotiations, India had hoped to give the Nagas a stake in peace and to convince them that her intentions were good. Short of accepting the Nagas' demand for secession, India was willing to grant them any amount of self-rule, and was ready to give a great deal of economic and technical assistance. The insurgents have interpreted this willingness as a sign of weakness, and used the cease-fire period to consolidate their power and incite other tribesmen like the Mizos and the Kukis to revolt. The Mizos erupted briefly in March of 1966. An uneasy truce now prevails.

The drives behind the Naga desire for independence are many. Nearly 70 per cent of the Nagas had been converted to Christianity by Baptist missionaries, and when the Moslems and Hindus split at the time of independence, they thought they should have their own state, too. In addition, the missionaries had drummed up considerable hatred for the Indians by inspiring propaganda pamphlets showing Indian troops eating cow dung and raping Naga women. Prime Minister Nehru, by prohibiting all travel to and from Nagaland in order to "protect" them from exploitation, only contributed to Naga fears and suspicions.

The Nagas differ racially from Indians, too; they are mongoloid while the Indians are Aryans. Finally, Nagaland has never been part of India. Though administered by British authorities from New Delhi, it was, like pre-1937 Burma, under direct British occupation. Hence, the Nagas feel, India's independence from Britain did not confer on it sovereignty over Nagaland any more than over, say, Burma.

Such thinking is encouraged daily by Chinese progaganda, which says, in a thousand ways, that the Indians are out to enslave the Nagas, that India is a feudal order in which the few exploit the many. When Indian propaganda, such as it is, gets through, it doesn't speak of great themes like justice, but only of the Prime Minister's trips, or of steel production figures. Few souls are won over by such tactics.

India seems to view the rebellion and the Chinese involvement as a purely military problem, and has accordingly moved several battalions into the area and set up a chain of fortified strategic hamlets. Few think that this move will be effective, but what else is India to do? Naga enmity, based on the desire for religious and political independence, seems to run too deep to be countered in any other way.

It would seem that the situation can only get worse. Chinese progaganda becomes more effective all the time. The rebellion could easily spread among the 2.5 million other Assam tribesmen like the Garos, Mikhirs, Cacharis, Khasis and Bodos who inhabit 25,000 square miles of central and northern Assam. India may soon find itself fighting a major war to keep Assam, and even that may not save the province. Such a conflict, involving as it almost certainly would a direct Indian-Chinese confrontation, could have frightening implications for the entire world. □

The Costliest Luxuries

No worshiper of Mammon I,
No yearner for what wealth can buy;
I do not covet precious jewels
Or rich estates with swimming pools.

I crave no yacht, no opera box,
No ermine wrap or silver fox.
My needs are simple, small and free:
A little time; some privacy.

You'd think that merely saying please
Would fetch such modest wants as
these;
But time and privacy, I find,
Cost more than all the rest combined.

CORINNA MARSH

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FRANK S. MEYER

WHAT KIND OF ORDER?

PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

In the last issue of NATIONAL REVIEW (Dec. 16.) Professor Donald Atwell Zoll directed our attention to that aspect of twentieth-century liberalism which leaves it helpless before the anarchic onslaught of the New Left: its apparent "death-wish," operatively manifested in what has been elsewhere described as a decline of the will to govern. The potential outcome of this confrontation between nerveless liberalism and revolutionary nihilism could indeed be as disastrous as he warns. And he is certainly correct when he insists that the restoration and preservation of order is the outstanding political issue of our present crisis.

But—all this accepted—Professor Zoll's further conclusions seem to go against the grain of traditional American institutions, to be unacceptable to the conservative spirit, and indeed to be based upon what is only a partial understanding of the liberalism which has brought us to our present pass. It is a little hard to pin down these further conclusions of his because they are not specific and in general can be derived mainly from tone and metaphor. One or two quotations from his article, however, may help clarity:

> The stringent demands of such a rudimentary struggle of power and ideas invite political approaches that are totalitarian in nature: not quite in the original fascist sense that puts all aspects of life under the aegis of political authority, at least in the general sense that political theory can no longer restrict itself to general conditions and procedural rules, but must offer a comprehensive, authoritative resolution of a large number of specific political and social questions.

Or again, less explicitly but with a menacing rhetoric:

> Conservatism must . . . prepare to fight—whatever this may entail—against the tide of contemporary Jacobinism, candidly facing the necessity of employing techniques generally ignored or rejected by contemporary Western conservatives.

What is essentially amiss here is a rejection of the concept of order as the West, and particularly America, has understood it and as contemporary American conservatism understands it. Order is not, as in some Oriental despotism, the opposite of freedom and the pluralistic drives of individuals toward meaning and value; it is the preservation of the conditions of civility in which freedom and differing individual fulfillment become possible. As the extreme libertarians forget that without order no freedom is possible, so, in reverse, one feels uneasily that Professor Zoll is positing order for order's sake, for the physical survival of society without concern for the quality of that society.

It is significant that as a symbol, alternative to Robespierre, he proposes to us Bismarck. The alternative to a Robespierre always present to the consciousness of American conservatism is not a Bismarck but a Washington, not the agent of a Wilhelmine order, but the agent of a free constitutional order.

In part, at least, Professor Zoll's draconic (or, as he would say, Locrian) prescriptions for iron rule, like his symbolic attachment to the Iron Chancellor, spring from an oversimplified concept of twentieth-century liberalism and the reasons for its deleterious impact upon our civilization. Primarily this misunderstanding stems from a failure to separate those aspects of contemporary liberalism derived from nineteenth-century liberalism from its present dominant socialist (and therefore potentially totalitarian) characteristics. True, its hostility to civilizational tradition and to a metaphysically based system of values is a much exaggerated and much distorted inheritance from nineteenth-century liberalism. True also, that this lack of a foundation in civilizational tradition and in an objective moral order has led inexorably to the bankruptcy, the nervelessness, the death-wish of liberalism today. But the 35-year crisis through which our society has been living does not primarily stem from this aspect of liberalism, though this aspect does explain the liberals' inability to deal with the demons they have summoned up.

The real cause of our crisis is not, as Professor Zoll would seem to assert, the prevalence of liberty, a preference for pluralism and individualism, a constitutional concern for the rights of the person. It is rather the opposite. It is the systematic attack during these past few decades by socialist liberalism upon privileges and prescriptions, upon the network of independent powers which alone can preserve free, productive, morally autonomous men from the alternate tyrannies of autocratic government or mob rule.

PROFESSOR ZOLL's rejection of the values of an order directed toward the preservation of liberty and pluralism is a rejection also of the American tradition, the tradition of the Constitution and the Founding Fathers. American conservatism does not have a mere "commitment" to that tradition, a commitment which it can consider and perhaps discard; that tradition is its very being. Of course, as freedom is impossible without order, American conservatives must fight for the restoration of order; indeed, this is today perhaps the first priority. But there is no contradiction between the defense of order against criminal elements or rampaging mobs and a free polity.

The choice Professor Zoll offers us between revolutionary anarchy and some iron state is as false as the choice so widely promulgated in the Thirties between fascism and Communism. There is a third alternative, and it is the only one conservatives can embrace if they are to remain conservatives: the vindication of the American tradition, the defense of an order based upon civility and freedom. □

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NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

DELECTATIONS

WHAT ETIQUETTE BOOKS DON'T TELL

How to behave correctly in every circumstance seems to be one of those things that prey on the minds of contemporary Americans. Among the new etiquette books, *Vogue's Book of Etiquette* (Simon & Schuster, $9.95) offers four and a half pounds of advice on situations that range from Manners in General, Monograms and Initials, House Guests, Money Matters within the Family, When Your Friends Travel, Religious Ceremonies (including Mormon weddings and Quaker funerals) and Difficult Times. This latter chapter deals with all aspects of Divorce, Expulsion from School or College, Out of a Job, Mourning and the Return to a Normal Life. The book ends triumphantly with Formality and Protocol, which shows you a chauffeur in a double-breasted winter overcoat (regulation); the chauffeur should also be clean-shaven. You can also find out *all* about formal entertaining, including the Order of Precedence of Officials, the last of whom are Special Ambassadors not accredited to the United States (but to the UN), who are preceded by the Secretary of the Senate and the Assistant Chiefs of Protocol. Should you be worried about seating the Bishops of Washington, the Secretary of the Smithsonian or the Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, your trusty *Vogue* etiquette book will tell you. The last heady entry is devoted to The Choice of Words, which tells you that lady and woman and gentleman and man are not interchangeable words, nor lunch and luncheon.

The book makes utterly fascinating reading. But certain problems present themselves. Since situations that require etiquette-ous behavior are apt to crop up in a totally unforeseen manner, what do you do? Do you memorize the whole book the way people made their children memorize the Bible, to be forewarned and forearmed, so to speak? Do you look up the parts that refer to a possible social situation that might crop up, copy them in shorthand on your shirt cuffs or your handkerchief, and sally forth, thus prepared to deal with the worst? Or should hostesses have the etiquette book ready in the ladies' and gents' rooms, propped up like an encyclopedia, so that worried guests may consult their mentor unbeknownst to (at least) the opposite sex. It is all so difficult when one wishes to behave in the proper manner.

Reading *Vogue's Book of Etiquette* I had an uneasy feeling that this noble volume ignores, or is above, many *real-life* situations that keep on happening among the people I know. To spare my readers any possible social humiliation, I have tried to draw up a realistic code of behavior and some practical answers to a few of them.

Bores at a party: Don't encourage them by listening. They will think they are fascinating, and you'll be stuck with them forever. If you have to invite bores: invite them all together, and don't waste your amusing friends on them. The bores won't know the difference, but your amusing friends will never forgive you.

When your husband/wife has too much to drink: Remove him/her without making any remarks about his/her condition, since others, well-lit themselves, may not have noticed it. If he/she doesn't want to come, feel ill suddenly and ask him/her to take you home. It works; I once saw a woman throw a fainting fit to stop her husband from making a fool of himself with an important fellow guest.

If your husband/wife tells a long, boring story: Look entranced and eager. Chances are that the others will think the story fascinating. Gossip: Don't stop it; it's about the only way to find out what others think of you.

To someone rude: "Don't you find your manners a handicap in your work/social life?"

Apologies for male/female party misbehaving: A bunch of flowers, with a card saying "You were marvelous, as always."

When you want to meet that tall, fascinating stranger: "Do you know lots of people here?" or "Didn't we meet at Percival's party for the Curator of Turtles of the Bronx Zoo?" or "Aren't you *the* Bill Buckley/Johnny Cash/Phyllis Diller/Jane Fonda?"

When you're asked to comment on somebody's painting: "You know so much more about art than I do" or "I admire the spirit of the painter." When being offered pot: "Thank you, not today" or "I'm not ready yet."

When your hairpiece comes off in his hands: "You can't rely on anything these days" or "It was my last defense, you know."

To the man who propositions you, refusal: Say what you want to say beforehand, and nicely: you never know. You can't say no in bed, it's too late then.

Wife swapping: "I wouldn't like you to be disappointed, old boy" or "Let's stay friends."

To shed someone, after: "Tell me, do you have a lot of trouble with your work?" or "You made me think of my Aunt Nellie, I loved her as a child."

When your friend's husband/wife makes a pass at you: Take it or leave it, but *shut up tight* about it. Safe conversation with someone richer than oneself; who does not know it: Proclaim the pleasure of the new Woolworth.

When someone innocent at a party introduces you to your most-hated enemy; don't hiss, but smile sweetly and say how glad you are to meet such an interesting person. Then leave a) to get a drink, b) to go to the bathroom, or c) to lie down because you don't feel well.

How to annoy a rude taxidriver: get out of the right side of the cab and leave the door open; he will have to get out to close it.

Impressing your social betters: Don't bother, they won't believe it anyway.

Happy New Year! □

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The Proletarianization of Culture

JEFFREY HART

The Vice President has now gone and said what must have been obvious to everyone all along, has said what even the spokesmen for the media do not offer to rebut. Naturally CBS denounced it, and of course NBC said his speech was "an appeal to prejudice," whatever that might mean; but none of the media spokesmen hazarded anything resembling a rebuttal. None stepped forward to say something like, "Why, the Vice President is simply mistaken; we do present various points of view; though Mr. Brinkley, for example, is a liberal Democrat, Mr. Vanocur is an admirer of Governor Reagan, and if, admittedly, Charles Collingwood is pretty liberal, we also have Marvin Kalb who adores Nixon. Our staff is not only able, it is quite various."

But of course no such reply was possible. The media are, with few minor exceptions, homogeneously liberal. "That is why," as Agnew accurately said, "such a great gulf existed between how the nation received the President's address and how the networks received it."

Agnew pointed to the existence of the gulf, but he did not offer to explain it, except with the comment that the individuals responsible for TV commentary live mostly in the Northeast and talk for the most part with one another. This may be true enough, but it doesn't explain why such propinquity has issued in just this set of attitudes rather than in another. The phenomenon Agnew was discussing, moreover, is not confined to the media. The Harvard faculty divides into a liberal caucus and a radical one, with the liberals mostly on the defensive. In the 1968 election, the Princeton faculty went for Humphrey with 65 per cent of the vote, and accorded Nixon and Dick Gregory around 7 per cent apiece. The Berkeley faculty initially supported Mario Savio's movement. And of course everyone is aware of a radical "youth culture," dramatically hostile to accepted values. Theodore White has described the "gulf" in chronological terms, positing an Old and a New Culture. Thus, when Nixon appeals to the silent majority or forgotten man, he is seeking the support of the Old Culture against the New.

Much has been written about this phenomenon, and many explanations proposed: from the normlessness of the affluent suburb to the feelings of anonymity generated by impersonal mass society, and from ethnic patterns to the social/psychoanalytic. So many explanations have been suggested that the phenomenon may be said to be over-determined. Yet amid all this speculation it has been lost from sight that the "gulf" in question derives from a cultural mutation which has its roots in the early nineteenth century.

THE NEW CULTURE stands, in one way or another, and at one or more removes, in some relationship to the idea of Art. If this seems an arbitrary assertion, let us explore it a bit further. During the nineteenth century both Hegel and Kierkegaard, among others, recognized that the category of the aesthetic had suddenly become much more prominent in Western culture, and that, along with its increasing prominence, the relationship of the aesthetic category to the established civilization was undergoing a startling mutation. And indeed, for the last century and a half—this is now a commonplace of cultural history—the new and distinctive thing about art has been the fact that it has stood in a consciously adversary relationship to the surrounding culture. Its stance has been radically different from the traditional one of Virgil, or Shakespeare, or Pope; and it is difficult to think of a single important artist since the beginning of the nineteenth century for whom this is not true.

If the shades of a psychic prison house close upon Wordsworth's growing boy, and custom and habit lie "like a weight" upon him, then for Rousseau man was born free but is everywhere in chains, and Rameau's nephew is freer, more spontaneous, more powerful than his respectable uncle. Shelley, meeting Death upon the way, saw that he wore the face of Castlereagh; and Blake sought escape, through vision, from the mind-forged manacles bequeathed him by his culture. From Rousseau through the Romantics and on to Eliot, Yeats, Pound and Picasso, one proposition is clear: art stands in an adversary relationship to the existing culture, and this remains true whether the doctrine espoused by the artist be radical or conservative.

The idea of creativity itself is assumed to be bound up with this relationship. And the adversary style has its reflection in scientific and political thought: for Freud, civilization imposes "discontents"—pain—upon the infant mind and the adult unconscious. For Marx, analogously, society crushes the working masses. In a famous phrase, Arnold summed up this adversary stance: Poetry is a criticism of life, i.e., in various ways it makes vivid to us the inadequacy of present existence. Lionel Trilling, who has written so well on this aspect of cultural history, speaks of the "clear purpose" of nineteenth- and twentieth-century literature as being one of "detaching the reader from the habits of thought and feeling that the larger culture imposes, of giving him a ground and vantage point from which to judge and condemn, and perhaps revise, the culture that produced him."

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Under optimum circumstances this process is clearly beneficial. The enormous problems that face us now, however, flow from two specific historical developments. Since World War II the adversary culture has a) enormously expanded, and b) become institutionalized. Prior to World War II the adversary poets were read by tiny audiences: they were avant-garde. The audiences for such art were themselves highly developed aesthetically: they knew how to "use" the adversary art as an agency of liberation and criticism; it was perceived as corrective; the difficult, but necessary, thing is to so use it without permitting it to destroy, through its very critical power, what Yeats called "the common good of life." Yes, we should recover our sense of heroic possibility (Yeats), or attend to the things of the spirit (Eliot); but not at the sacrifice of all other mundane good.

During the past 25 years, however, there has occurred a sort of cultural explosion: paperbacks, Eliot reading his poems to fifty thousand students in a football stadium, LP records, Mailer and Genet and de Sade appearing in mass circulation journals, Mailer and Genet "covering" the Democratic convention.

These phenomena, along with affluence, the GI Bill, and the assumption —increasingly the premise of government action—that absolutely everyone must go to college, has now given rise to a vast student-intellectual proletariat. Twenty-five years ago approximately 10 per cent of the college-age population attended college; today the percentage approaches 50, and it will continue to climb. Much of this proletariat absorbs the attitudes of the adversary culture, which pervade the academy and percolate down in some form to even the dullest student.

As a result, the student-intellectual proletariat confronts the surrounding society not so much with a revolutionary argument or program (those which it does broach have the character of a *pis aller*) as with an aesthetic stance. In its perception of the world, Nixon is not so much wrong as beneath one's imaginative and spiritual standing. But precisely because this stand has become a mass phenomenon, and has become institutionalized, it has also become fixed, habitual and coarse. The symbolic moment, perhaps, was when the avant-garde Picasso created the mass symbol of the Peace Dove. In any case, circumstances since the war have brought into being a mass class of *lumpen* intellectuals.

It is important to notice that in this adversary culture one does not encounter ideas, but rather attitudes. When Agnew noted that the majority of TV commentators "expressed in one way or another their hostility to what [Nixon] had to say," his choice of a noun was revealing—not, you will notice, their reasoned disagreement, but their hostility. And he was acute in pointing out that this hostility came through as *social* disapproval: "by the expression on their faces, the tone of their questions and the sarcasm of their responses, [they] made clear their sharp disapproval." It would have been no different in any faculty lounge.

THE ENTIRE CIRCUMSTANCE has immense political implications. Insofar as the adversary culture feels the need to translate attitude and style—its aesthetic conviction of social superiority to the majority culture—into formulation and idea, it reaches for the most readily available structures of adversary political ideas: for the abstractions of liberalism and radicalism, which, exactly because of their abstractness, stand in an antagonistic relationship to the actual surrounding culture. Such abstractions, as Michael Oakeshott has noted, are the appropriate mental furniture of the New Man, the parvenu—of, in this case, the postwar intellectual proletariat.

The McCarthy movement, with its studiedly fey decor and poverty of analysis; the Moratoria and the Rock Cult; the student alienation which drives a quarter-million mostly student demonstrators into the streets of Washington; the settled attitudes which make it virtually unthinkable for a CBS and NBC commentator to express admiration for Nixon—many causes doubtless contribute to these phenomena; yet fundamental is the proletarianization of a once elite adversary culture. The national tragedy is that such a cultural monstrosity dominates the universities, the larger newspapers and the mass media. □

Present at the Creation: My Years in the State Department
By Dean Acheson *Norton, $15*

THE OLD ACHESON AND THE NEW

JARED C. LOBDELL

While I was reading this book for review, I had a conversation with a friend of my parents who is a life-long liberal. In the course of that conversation, she expressed a number of opinions which not only were in essential agreement with present-day conservative doctrine, but might indeed have been taken from the pages of NATIONAL REVIEW. So far so good, but when I mentioned Richard Nixon, Alger Hiss, Joseph McCarthy, it was back to the stock liberal responses of the early 1950s. There was no hint of recognition that today's radicalism, the seizure of Columbia, the bombing of buildings, murder, arson, the flying of Vietcong flags, is the direct outgrowth of the liberalism of the Roosevelt-Truman era. Nor, since to recognize that would be to tear up the whole fabric of her political life, should such recognition be expected.

The parallel with Mr. Acheson's memoirs, though obvious, is not exact. The obviousness (and the insurmountable problem for any reviewer) comes, of course, in the fact that Dean Acheson, who defended Hiss, who indeed wore liberal blinders during the entire

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period this book covers, is now and has always been an American patriot, a believer in America, and moreover is very much on the right side in present public dispute—and in the fact that he still does not seem to realize that liberalism was wrong, easily made a fool of and, in essence, a failure.

The lack of exactitude in the parallel comes from the fact that for long stretches, the question of liberalism *v.* conservatism is either irrelevant to, or in the very distant background of, the story Mr. Acheson is telling. It comes up when he discusses the Hiss case (much more in what he does not say than in what he does), when he discusses Douglas MacArthur, and (perhaps to a lesser extent) when he speaks of Robert Taft. Moreover, and this is very important indeed, Mr. Acheson's internationalism (Mr. Truman's internationalism, for that matter) is in many ways closer to today's conservative position than to the left-wing isolationism of Eugene McCarthy and his supporters.

It would, in fact, be substantially true to say that a very young conservative, having no knowledge of the Hiss affair, and no loyalty to the memory of Douglas MacArthur, having, in short, no ties to the pre-NATIONAL REVIEW era of conservatism, could read Mr. Acheson's account of how the United States came to accept her role as a world power with approval, and subsequently be amazed to find that Mr. Acheson's name was, and may still be regarded as, a swear-word in some conservative circles. Admittedly, he might not find Mr. Acheson's account entirely fascinating: but that is a matter of style, not of content.

THE STYLE, though relieved by gleams of humor from time to time, is pedestrian. It is not, praise be, governmentese. The book can be read. But to read it at one sitting would be an act of supererogation: it would, however, be less disastrous than not reading it at all. There is no question that *Present at the Creation* will be required for any student of foreign affairs, and for anyone interested in understanding the role of the United States in the world today.

That, to be sure, is the kind of thing reviewers say when they are finishing a review late at night, and do not really want to discuss the book's particular merits or particular defects. In this case, however, it is true; and besides, I have already noted what seems to me to be the book's particular defect. On those issues where Mr. Acheson was partisan, he is still partisan: he has learned little and forgotten little, and the fact that his partisanship is low-keyed does not make it less mistaken.

But this is to leave out the book's great and abiding merits. These, in essence, are two. First, this is personal diplomatic history of a high order—virtually complete, honest, immensely important. Second, behind the diplomatic history, behind the account of how the United States accepted foreign entanglements as a requirement of greatness, this is a portrait of an unusual and likable man. Perhaps the most revealing passage is that in which Mr. Acheson describes a meeting with Salazar, and winds up saying that "The Salazar regime had widespread acceptance and did not depend, as Stalin's did in Russia, on harsh suppression of individual liberties. A convinced libertarian—particularly a foreign one—could understandably disapprove of Salazar. But I doubt that Plato would have done so." It is perhaps understandable that a Secretary of State who would use Plato in defending Salazar (quite legitimately, I believe) would feel called upon to defend Alger Hiss against the highly practical, and (for want of a better word) uncultured, attacks of Richard Nixon. It is easy to believe that what is civilized is therefore good, and easier yet to believe that one who is civilized is interested in preserving civilization.

In Mr. Acheson's case, at least, though not in Alger Hiss's, the belief would appear to be true. □

The Limits of Intervention
By Townsend Hoopes
McKay, $5.95

A CABAL OF MANDARIN DOVES

PETER P. WITONSKI

There was a time, during the early halcyon days of the Johnson Administration, when the Pedernales had taken on the aura of a second Tiber, when the strange, meddling little ideology known as liberalism seemed destined to run the country for years and years to come. It had held sway over the body politic since the New Deal, and Johnson's massive victory over Goldwater had an almost millennarian ring to it. The doyens of American liberalism, Arthur Schlesinger, Walter Lippmann, James Reston, all came forward to sing the praises of the Great Commoner who had just been so resoundingly elected to the White House. If anyone had suggested in those rosy days that American liberalism would be dead in 1969, the victim of its own zealotic omniscience, he would have been quickly consigned to a lunatic asylum.

But American liberalism is dead today, and hardly a man can be found willing to sing the praises of Lyndon Johnson. Lest anyone doubt this I recommend that they turn to a little volume recently penned by a liberal whose credentials are as impeccable as they come, a long-time Defense Department functionary named Townsend Hoopes. The underlying thesis of this book—although it is concerned only with foreign policy—is that there are limits to intervention, whether in Vietnam or in America's poverty belt. But that is getting ahead of the story.

THE BOOK ITSELF, *The Limits of Intervention*, raises ethical and moral questions which its author undoubtedly never considered as he lobbied so enthusiastically against his own chief's policies. One comes away from this little volume with the horrifying feeling that the long hideous war in Vietnam may have been made longer and more hideous by the quiet maneuvering of Mr. Hoopes and his like-minded friends in the Johnson Administration. One begins wondering, somewhat fitfully, about the loyalty a President should expect from his men. The first question that comes to mind is one that would undoubtedly disconcert more than one of the participants in the recent March on Washington. To wit, where are the hawks of yesteryear? Where are they now?

Where is the tough Clark Clifford who once railed against dovery with such eloquence? Where is the brilliant Harvard dean, McGeorge Bundy, with all his talk about bombing patterns? Where is the optimistic Robert McNamara, with his charts and his insipid twaddle about kill-ratios? Where are all those anonymous whiz-kids from the Defense Department? Where are the Sorensens and pre-Halberstamian Hilsmans and Restons, and all those young men who ground out militaristic rhetoric for the Brothers Kennedy? In short, if I may borrow a phrase from Professor Chomsky of MIT, where are the New American Mandarins now? The answer is painfully simple. They are almost all gone. They abandoned the once great Lyndon Johnson and his Administration when the going got tough, leav-

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RANDOM NOTES

■ What kind of people voted for Barry Goldwater in 1964? Smart people! That at least is the answer of Professor James McEvoy of the University of Michigan, who has just completed an extensive demographic survey of Goldwater supporters. According to Professor McEvoy they were "highly socialized political actors . . . with extraordinary high levels of formal education and political involvement—conditions which even the most ideologically blinded commentator would have to admit are associated in the United States at least with political responsibility." All this and much more is included in a remarkable new book edited by Robert Schoenberger, *The American Right Wing* (Holt), which may shatter many anticonservative icons. Using new hypothesis-testing techniques developed by behavioral political scientists over the past decade, the contributors refuse to accept the traditional liberal line on what the American conservative movement is made of.

■ The Argentine poet and critic Jorge Luis Borges—generally held to be the greatest living Spanish language writer—seems destined to be this year's *in*-writer. Norman Thomas di Giovanni has just translated *The Book of Imaginary Beings* (Dutton, $5.95), and the literary journals are full of the master's comments on everything from literature to politics. For some strange reason he has lately been taken up by the American Left, despite his long association with anti-Communist organizations. His own views are staunchly conservative; he is pro-American both in politics and literature. . . . *NR*'s resident delectationist Alec Waugh has had his latest novel, *A Spy in the Family*, rejected by Cassells, his British publisher of more than forty years. The reason: it seems the book was too with-it for the distinguished old firm. Farrar will publish it in this country early next year, and W. H. Smith's will publish it in Britain. . . . Gore Vidal, the guy who wrote that book about the glories of trans-sexualism, has been signed to write the script for a film version of *Gargantua and Pantagruel*. The author of the original version could not be reached for comment. . . . Eugene D. Genovese, author of a new book, *The World the Slaveholders Made*, has been drummed out of the New Left for revisionism. . . . Theodore Sorensen, whose latest Kennedy book has been universally panned, has been drummed out of the Kennedy clan for frankness following the events at Chappaquiddick.

■ Among the books not listed by the *New York Times* in its survey of the year's most important political books: Kevin Phillips' *The Emerging Republican Majority*. Really! . . . Bernadette Devlin's *The Price of My Soul* (Knopf) is $5.95, *cheap*. . . . Garry Wills' book on Richard Nixon will be out this spring. . . . Auberon Waugh and Suzanne Conje have just written *Biafra: Britain's Shame* (Michael Joseph, 30 shillings), a painful account of Britain's wretched handling of the Nigerian tragedy. . . . Penguin is publicizing Paul Foot's nasty little book about Enoch Powell, *The Rise of Enoch Powell*, with a distorted high-contrast photograph that makes Powell look like Hitler.

ing him to be devoured by sharks, or should I say doves.

Some of the Mandarins ran off to comfortable university positions. Others returned to their old jobs on the industrial side of the military-industrial complex. Almost all of them scribbled, or are scribbling, detestable little volumes about how nice things might have been had only LBJ listened to them instead of the evil W. W. Rostow and the stupid Dean Rusk. The men who had started both Kennedy and Johnson on the path to escalation in Vietnam suddenly began to see things differently—once it was too late for America to back down. They became instant-doves.

Of all those splendid paragons of virtue who gnawed at Lyndon Johnson's policies during the times in which he most needed their support, Mr. Hoopes is certainly one of the least important, both politically and intellectually. His book, which often reads like a bureaucratic intra-office memo, is not the work of a man who one day expects to find himself included in a new edition of *Profiles in Courage*. Rather, it is the work of a conformist; a man who would have been rejected by all his friends were he to, say, agree with a man hailing from Johnson City, Texas on anything as un-chic as the wretched little war in Vietnam. The good guys in his book are the leaders of his crowd, Clark Clifford, the dove, Paul Nitze, Paul Warnke; the villains are the Rostows, Westmoreland, the Joint Chiefs of Staff and, of course, Dean Rusk.

The one quality I always granted Lyndon Johnson was patriotism. It was his one truly fine quality. His was not the noble patriotism of a Washington or an Adams, but it was patriotism all the same, and I somehow thought that decent men, regardless of what they thought of Mr. Johnson's policies, could not help but admire him for it. But not Mr. Hoopes. He was a member of that little in-group in the Defense Department that *knew* Johnson was wrong. Perhaps he cracked jokes behind the President's back about his Texas drawl. Indeed, Hoopes charges that Johnson compounded his bad judgment in Vietnam as a result of his patriotism, which he describes rather shabbily as "sentimental." Sentimental is used as a debating point in this book, which as I have already hinted, is really a book about angels and brutes, Mr. Johnson being one of the brutes.

Mr. Hoopes is neither sentimental nor patriotic. His fans will dub him a hard-headed pragmatist, who concluded the war in Vietnam could not be won, and was then wise enough to advise the President to get out; his critics will simply write him off as a cop-out opportunist, one of the trivial, ephemeral voices that have emerged out of the confusion caused by a lack of leadership over Vietnam. □

BOOKS TO WATCH FILMS BY

RICHARD CORLISS

A couple of years ago, the smart boys in publishing recognized two important marketing factors: 1) the emergence of a "film generation," and 2) the millions of dollars in spending money available to the youth who presumably comprised this generation. Since then, books catering to every filmic taste have appeared at the approximate rate of old Monogram serials or new Andy Warhol movies.

Among the beneficiaries were the usual compilers of glossy "career" picture books, like *The Films of Gustav von Seyfferitz*, as well as the ghost-writers and grave-robbers responsible for the confessions of living actresses and the necrophagies of dead ones. But slightly ahead of that "film generation" has arisen a loose group of piquant, compassionate, mostly British film critics (not to be confused with the run of film journalists who pass as critics in the American press) whose studies, mostly of Hollywood directors, were gobbled up by the bookmen and quickly discharged onto paperback racks across the country.

The irony was that the "film genera-

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tion" did look at movies, and occasionally made them, but hardly ever read about them. So while, say, Raymond Durgnat's impressive iconography of Georges Franju's films might outsell the average bestiary, it will neither recoup its cost nor approach a hundreth of the sales of *The Love Machine* or *Norma Jean*. The editor of a publishing house that has just dropped its line of film books estimates that there are fewer than ten thousand hard-core film book buyers —and they certainly can't be counted on to buy each of the hundred or so annual titles. Heavyweights like Truffaut and Hitchcock have been KOed by the indifference of the film generation, and only an occasional freak like Pauline Kael or Arthur Knight will do better.

But this is a matter best left to the publishers and their accountants. As long as they are willing to lose money on film books, we readers can at least be grateful that they have brought between covers some extraordinarily perceptive and useful writing on film. Most of the books are suffused with the *politique des auteurs*, a theory whose proponents argue, generally, that the director is the author of a film and, specifically, that American directors, though they be right-wing Catholic millionaires (Hitchcock, John Ford) and spinners of celluloid cotton candy, are as responsible for their films' style and meaning as the European individualist is for his. The authors of the books listed below have shown that Hollywood movies can be considered and criticized on the same level—though, happily, not with the same relentless turgidity of prose—that earlier critics used in writing about the classic German and Soviet cinema.

ANDREW SARRIS, *The American Cinema: Directors and Directions, 1929-1968* (Dutton, $7.95; $2.95 paperback). All that is glorious and gratuitous about Sarris' expansion of the *auteur* theory is here, itself expanded from his American Directors index in *Film Culture* Magazine. Sarris' most appealing attribute is his ability to be sublime and ridiculous at the same time; such is his attraction that the reader can overlook his quixotic theorizing and flawed filmography. Proximately, *The American Cinema* (a grossly exaggerated promise of a title) is valuable mainly as a lively teaching aid to read during the Late Show commercials—the directors of six thousand English-language talkies are appended. Ultimately, the book offers the first full-length statement by one of America's most provocative, perceptive and delirious lyric writers.

David Robinson, *Hollywood in the Twenties*; John Baxter, *Hollywood in the Thirties*; Charles Higham and Joel Greenberg, *Hollywood in the Forties*. (Barnes, $2.45 each). This thirty-year peak of the American wedding of artisan and artifice (which occasionally sired Art, and then disowned it) receives a necessarily long-range but highly entertaining treatment at the hands of its English and Australian chroniclers. The Twenties are covered chronologically, by emergence of director; the Thirties by major studios, and the directors within each studio; and the Forties by genre — *film noir*, women's pictures, war propaganda, etc. —and the directors within each genre. Ideologically, the authors stretch Sarris nearly to the breaking point: whereas Sarris designated a few top directors, mostly safe choices (and some whose talkie careers were minor or nonexistent), as Pantheon residents, the *Hollywood* authors go wild for directors Sarris all but ignores. Thus, Michael Curtiz *(Casablanca, Mildred Pierce, Yankee Doodle Dandy)* whom Sarris disdained as a Lightly Likable megger, is anointed in *Hollywood in the Thirties* as "inescapably one of the best directors ever to emerge in the cinema." By now, Sarris must be echoing François Truffaut's complaint about a similar situation in France: "We discovered *auteurs*. They're *inventing* them."

Robin Wood, *Hitchcock's Films* (Barnes, $2.45); *Howard Hawks* (Doubleday, $2.95); *Ingmar Bergman* (Praeger, $2.95). Wood, who with Raymond Durgnat could stock a Film Book-of-the-Month Club single-handedly, has extended the investigative apparata of literary critic F. R. Leavis to film scholarship. These closely reasoned studies, engaged but not acolytic, dense but not dull, are the result—and Wood's mentor can be proud. While casual moviegoers might approve of Hitchcock, the de Sade of cinematic manipulation, and Bergman, the De Mille of intellectual suffocation, as subjects of earnest exegeses, Howard Hawks presents a problem. It seems obvious that his movies —from *Scarface* to *The Big Sleep*, *Bringing Up Baby* to *His Girl Friday*, *Rio Bravo* to *El Dorado*—are meant to be enjoyed, not analyzed. Wood turns the neat trick of analyzing precisely those enjoyable elements (brutal professionalism in the gangster films, controlled hysteria in the comedies, comradely assurance in the Westerns) that makes Hawks' movies both enjoyable units and, well, quintessentially Hawksian. Wood's introduction makes a sensible, helpful distinction between film art and movie entertainment.

RAYMOND DURGNAT, *Luis Bunuel* and *Franju* (University of California Press, $1.95 each); *Eros in the Cinema* (Calder & Boyars, $4.50); *Films and Feelings* (MIT Press, $5.95); *Nouvelle Vague: The First Decade* (Motion Paperback, price unknown); *Greta Garbo* (Dutton, $1.95). Durgnat, as may be evident, is as prolific at film criticism as Jean-Luc Godard is at film creation. The likeness ends there, for Durgnat is perspicacious where J-LG is only audacious, capricious where Godard is captious, and (colloquially) outasight where Godard is merely out-of-mind. Another comparison might be more

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appropriate: Robin Wood is our finest orthodox critic-historian; Durgnat breaks the rules, only to offer more startling insights. He can be traditionally analytical: his consideration of the *auteur* theory is the most lucid to be found. Although Durgnat occasionally wanders into the fuchsia netherland of the pulp sensibility *(This Island Earth)*, it's rewarding to tag along on his trips, for he sees it all, and says it well. His Bunuel and Franju books stand with Wood's Bergman at the top of the film book pile.

Paul Jensen, *The Cinema of Fritz Lang* (Barnes, $2.45); Peter Bogdanovich, *Fritz Lang in Hollywood* (Praeger, $2.50). The first is a critical study of this Teutonic paragon of paranoia (*Dr. Mabuse, Metropolis, M, Ministry of Fear*). Though hardly a rib-tickler, this dissertation-diligent research project offers a worthwhile critique of Lang's plots and themes, which is where Lang's interest essentially lies, his execution being pretty mechanical. Bogdanovich's interview with Lang, though preferable to his conversation with the near-mute John Ford (California, $1.95), is hardly valuable enough to place between hard, or even soft, covers.

The reader who attempts to challenge this list of books is in obvious need of a giant filmography. At the moment, he'll have to settle for *The American Movies Reference Book: The Sound Era* (Prentice-Hall, $29.95), in which he'll find pseudo-complete and sloppily compiled filmographies of six hundred actors and a hundred producers and directors. It has an excellent assortment of movie stills and looks nice on the coffee table. . . . But nobody should pay $30 for one book. You could pick up Durgnat's and Wood's complete works for that price—which is not a bad idea at all. □

THEATER

THE LOSS OF PRIVACY

RICHMOND CRINKLEY

Is Hamlet dead? Probably, and flights of angels sing him to his rest. He may be well off, at least for the moment. The stage is held by Rosencrantz and Guildernstern and by a host of other protagonists, each playing Great Dane and each posturing and soliloquizing about himself. We have a lot of private

revelatory truth onstage these days. Most of it is a bore.

The anti-heroes of *Rosencrantz and Guildernstern Are Dead* are supposed to be bores; that is their *raison d'être* and that is what makes them funny. But most of their compatriots aren't supposed to be bores. They just are. Like the heroes of *Tiny Alice* and *A Patriot for Me*. Both Brother Julian and Major Redl are quintessential Sixties characters, caught in impossible dilemmas and almost smothered by the plays from which they seek to emerge.

When Edward Albee got to *Tiny Alice*, a lot of people worried about whether he had spent all his energy in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* and *Zoo Story*. *Tiny Alice* is *The Visit* as written by a lotus eater. The hero, Brother Julian, falls into the clutches of the enigmatically sexy Miss Alice and is shot. That he is naïve, mostly homosexual, and sold by the church, is unimportant. What does him in is the way he has to talk about himself.

William Ball's ACT production boasts an able Julian in Paul Shenar and an inventive production. But it can't evade the text. Brother Julian hasn't been around too much, and what he has seen has only led him to spiritual crisis. He tells us about it, endlessly. Albee has a point. After all, spiritual crisis has been the meat of a lot of good drama for centuries. Look at Hamlet, after all. Albee and others have been looking at *Hamlet*, usually to their distress.

Spiritual crisis, alas, has been so overdone and so overworked that we don't even want to hear it from one friend. If we read an autobiography today, we read it to find out about the great events in which the writer was involved, to hear about his friends, to find out how and why things happened. A reader doesn't want to hear about the author's psyche, simply because the psyche has become too public, too ordinary a thing. We live in an age of post-pubic soliloquy. The age of twenty, for instance, seems to be not so much a time of self-examination as of self-explanation. It is arguable that the first person pronoun should be denied to anyone who has ever had a spiritual crisis, simply as a means of social protection. But the explanation of self which has pervaded our age has glutted us. Checkers, Chappaquiddick, Christine Keeler's memoirs, the reissue of endless volumes of Frank Harris, and confessions of spiritual crisis on the part of any number of servants of the last four Presidents—these are all of a piece, and we don't want to hear anymore. We've heard it all before, probably on Walter Cronkite. God knows, we don't need to go to the theater to get our evening's soul-baring.

Albee's Brother Julian is suffering from a plethora of modern Hamlets. His private dilemma, which remains unfathomable even in his long and beautiful speech at the end of the play, is beyond us. We don't care. We want a public play, perhaps a *Coriolanus* or some Molière or even a documentary play. But not *Hamlet*.

THERE IS HALF-EVASION of the monologuical difficulty by John Osborne's hero. Major Redl (Maximilian Schell), the patriot for me of *A Patriot for Me*, is a homosexual Austrian army officer who gets tied up in his own difficulties to the extent that he shoots himself

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after a relatively long and rewarding life. But the killing takes a long, long time; and we are supposed to be "up there in the hotel room with Redl" as his fellow officers wait for eight hours on the street below to hear him fire the fatal shot.

Osborne's telescoping takes the bite out of the wait. (It is in fact about three minutes.) And there is a difference in the lives of Redl and Albee's Julian, because Redl's private difficulties have public counterparts: the action never focuses on Redl himself to the exclusion of his involvement in the life around him. His problems are mirrored in incidents rather than in soliloquies. And yet there are some pathetic little moments of self-revelation that are intended to be just that: Pathetic Little Moments of Self-Revelation. We are supposed to grasp the inner turmoil in Redl as he is unable to perform for a whore that a friend has generously (the friend thinks) provided for a night. But the inner turmoil doesn't make any difference and we would be as well off not knowing about it.

For the inner self has become something of a joke, and to protect it we are probably going to have to keep it off the stage for a few years. It is counterproductive. We live in a world of crowds and public events and gossip. And the postures of the world that we see in Brother Julian and Major Redl don't matter precisely because they are private. Privacy may be as talked out as *Hamlet* momentarily is. As our neuroses are discussed in the media, as our inner selves are analyzed in endless television panel shows and magazine articles, even as our most secret recipes are circulated by others, we lose focus. Our reaction against the confessional we see onstage is a reaction against the confessional character of life around us. It implies the loss of our privacy. We don't want to know about Julian and Redl because we don't want Julian and Redl to know about us. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE ORDEAL OF OTTO OTEPKA, *by William J. Gill (Arlington House, $8)*. Mr. Gill details dubious security records of critical U.S. policymakers, bureaucratic infighting, an attempted frame-up, unprosecuted perjury, plus an extra measure of news manipulation. He offers persuasive evidence that, in late December 1960, Bobby Kennedy and Dean Rusk singled out Otepka for removal from the State Department's Office of Security because he hindered their plans to pack State with advocates of "convergence" with the Soviet Union. Otepka was exiled to a small cubbyhole and a make-work "special project" while being denied access to his files. His telephone was tapped, his office bugged, his garbage examined by Foreign Service officers, his house watched, and his associates ordered to avoid him. In a 1967 star-chamber hearing, State withdrew all the criminal charges they had placed against Otepka and dropped him for the heinous crime of delivering two classified memoranda to that infamous enemy of the people, the chief counsel of the State Internal Security Subcommittee. Having hung onto the tattered shreds of his work throughout the Kennedy-Johnson years, Otepka's hope for vindication evaporated when President Nixon failed either to clean house in State or to shoehorn Otepka back into a meaningful job. D. B. DUVAL

THE LAYING ON OF HANDS, *by Arthur Arent (Little, Brown, $5.95)*. Joan Gunther has an unexpected visitor—the Austrian grandmother she hadn't realized was still alive. The war and all that. The old lady dies while on the visit. Joan's lawyer writes to Vienna only to be told that Mrs. Gunther, wife of the famed comic Uwi Gunther, had died of cancer ten years earlier and was buried in such and such a cemetery. Who was the old lady then who had visited Joan? How could the passionate love letter from her husband, dated 1939, which was found in her effects have been written by the same person who penned the note telling Joan of her grandmother's arrival? Joan and her young man set out to unravel the mystery and run afoul of several other international operations. Israeli secret agents are chasing a fugitive Nazi doctor who performed obscene experiments on human beings at Hitler's behest, as are personal friends of the late Uwi Gunther, who had disappeared into a concentration camp after making one too many cracks at the expense of the Fuehrer post-*Anschluss*. Illegal arms merchants are also involved, as are stray villains from Haiti and other areas. Arthur Arent lays it on a bit thick—it may be his radio and TV background—and some of the incidental business is irritating. Dreadfully irritating. The dénouement, while skilfully plotted—it answers all the unanswerable questions—you will never (on soberer thought) believe, but Arent hasn't cheated on his readers. *The Laying on of Hands* is of the Fleming rather than the Le Carré school and rather better than many. Rate it B to B plus.

P. L. BUCKLEY

LITERATURE AND THE SIXTH SENSE, *by Philip Rahv (Houghton, $10)*. Historical awareness, depending "as much on intuition as on knowledge," is the sixth sense of Philip Rahv's title, and it is a quality he exemplifies to the *n*th degree. The 44 essays and reviews that make up this book (many were published in earlier collections) show the span of his critical thought since 1936, and damn it, the man was never fooled by Fad or Fashion. Writing in the heyday of Dos Passos, Henry Miller, Orwell, Koestler and others, he gives the sober assessments of a literary historian. His only serious miss is his underestimation of Eliot's plays, a failure he prepares us for by admitting that "piety of whatever sort [is] alien to my temperament." Unfortunately, a historical sense as acute as Rahv's ultimately takes its toll in novelty. However original the earlier essays may have been when they were written, many now carry the dull stamp of accepted public opinion. Of greatest interest are the recent studies of Mailer, Bellow, Arthur Miller and Malamud, new enough not to have been redundantly seconded—though they certainly will be—by other, lesser critics. P. P. ARDERY

COYNE

(Continued from page 1321)

happy and eat too much. Afterwards we'd talk about how lucky we were to be having such a nice Christmas when there were so many poor people in the world. Our house might not be the very best but Mother would point out to us that we could jump on the furniture or color on the walls which children who lived in fancy houses certainly couldn't do. We owned our own eighty acres and right from our porch we had the most beautiful view on the continent.

It didn't last, of course. We grew up —and dispersed. We left Alaska and settled in places where there was no view at all and quite possibly no snow. We buy our Christmas trees in used car lots now. Our decorations come from department stores. When our sons beg for motorized monsters and our daughters for "baby-see-and-talk," they get them. They always have a few more presents to open then they can really enjoy and they rip the wrapping paper to shreds when they do.

But I know that that isn't really Christmas. *Real* Christmas is back in that cluttered homesteader's shack with the windows all frosted on the inside from the cold and the Christmas tree trimmed with tin can tops. And one of these years, not this year, of course, but soon, before they get old enough to appreciate it, I'm going to make a gesture toward doing things right. I'm going to go out and buy them all—all the children—suitcases for presents. □

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WAUGH

(Continued from page 1325)

his splendid house in Columbia, South Carolina. In England, poets generally live in tumbledown cottages without water or sanitation. They are often shot at by their landlords, who mistake them for pheasants. It was most encouraging to see how the New World treats its poets. Our host and his beautiful wife lived like pashas in a spacious modern bungalow, more air-conditioned even than the Ritz-Carlton. For many years, he had sung in nightclubs. Now, with recognition, he could indulge his hobby of archery, charge whatever fees he liked for a university lecture and only sang when he felt inclined. No doubt America is full of such eloquent testimonials to virtue rewarded.

Charleston, South Carolina must be a highlight to any conservative's visit to America—one of the few naturally unspoiled towns in the world. I was laughed at when I asked to see Negroes picking cotton on one of the plantations. There was a limit, apparently, even to the Southerners' anxiety to please their guests. But now—in mid-September—it was so hot that one could scarcely leave the car by day. My wife started complaining about the Negroes' housing. I had traveled throughout much of Africa, the English Midlands, Harlem and Detroit, but I had never seen Negroes, as a community, so beautifully housed as in those ageless, crumbling clap-board houses of Charleston. Plainly it was time for her to return to England, having brought my dinner jacket, and for me to go North.

First, we spent some days in Washington, where the hospitality, the gaiety and the uninhibited friendliness of those who hold the world's future in the palms of their hands made me unreasonably optimistic about the present, with all its problems of pollution, crime, population, drugs, permissiveness, the generation gap and everything else. I never met the President to ask him about his global strategy, but everybody else was most helpful. They suggested that President Nixon had not really found his feet yet, and would need a month or two before he acquired the self-confidence to confront visiting English conservatives. One quite understood—these things always take time. But I was taken to his office, where a memo on his desk announced that he had an appointment with Bob Hope at two o'clock that afternoon. No doubt he must start somewhere.

Back in New York and alone, I was haunted by the feeling that I had not yet discovered the real America. The West Coast, of course, was a separate country, and would have to await a separate trip. But my time had been spent too much among the gifted, the civilized and the rich. The lure of sophisticated, cosmopolitan New York was too strong, and I was in danger of mistaking the ideal for the reality. A prick in the map of America took me to Lincoln, Nebraska. Smart friends in New York said I must be mad to go there. Not at all, I replied: merely conscientious.

My week in Lincoln, Nebraska taught me something more important than I had learned in any of the cultural, architectural, social or political show-places I had yet visited. It taught me something of what it feels like to be an American. Of course, Lincoln is no more typical of America than is any other city in the vast diversity of the land. It had the highest record in longevity. Its extraordinary, new Catholic cathedral is one of the seven wonders of the Midwest. It has the only unicameral state legislature. The state governor, an amiable Republican whom I met there, is missing many of his fingers. Its football team is among the most agile in the land. Its country club, where I spent many happy hours, is among the most exclusive and best equipped. Its insurance rates are the most favorable of any state capital.

In Lincoln, members of the founding families meet every day for lunch at the Roughneck's Table of the University Club. They welcomed me there, people with names to conjure with in Lincoln, but which are of only limited awfulness outside: Ferguson, Watson, Tiemann, Kimball, Angle, Judge Slocum, Yates, Woods, Stein, Stuart, Burnham . . . some of them went for five-mile walks every evening. Some went for two-mile runs to keep fit. All subscribed to several worthy causes. A few played cards, others danced or liked debating. All agreed that things were getting worse than they had been.

For the first time, in Lincoln, Nebraska, I began to understand what it means to be an American patriot. It is nothing whatever to do with reaching the moon, or having the highest per capita expenditure on male and female cosmetics. It has nothing whatever to do with any of the meaningless, boastful statistics with which the U.S. government and American tourists abroad like to regale gaping rustics. It is something to do with the knowledge of belonging to a tiny corner of the greatest country on earth, and of having the freedom to do and say what you like inside it. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Talk with an Admiral

On The Right

Honolulu, Dec. 8—Admiral John McCain is busy in the same excruciatingly geometric way that the powerful get busier as their responsibilities increase. He is technically in charge of the Pacific area; indeed even General Abrams who is directly in charge of the Vietnamese operation reports directly to CINCPAC Hawaii (Commander in Chief Pacific) according to the chart, which is to say to Admiral McCain. But there are all those other duties. On November 29 he hurtled out of his residence in order to greet the astronauts from Apollo 12 who were freshly arrived on the *Hornet*, en route to Houston. They engaged together, through the microphone, in heroic pleasantries and congratulations. (President Nixon had just spoken with the astronauts over television, delivering a little graduation address jocularly promoting them to the rank of Captain.) The astronauts, all three of whom are in the Navy, just to show that they were once again truly earthbound, produced a streamer visible through the porthole of their quarantined quarters: Beat Army. Admiral McCain was pleased. Although he suppressed any untoward expression of factionalist enthusiasm. After all, he is in charge not only of the U.S. Navy, but of the U.S. Army, and also the Air Force.

The Admiral is a man of formidable character and charm. He might have served as the character around whom the entire concept of the tight ship was crystallized. He is of the school that understands the nature of duty, and is quite prepared to face the consequence, as a realistic matter, that duty can be unpleasant, which isn't exactly how he would put it, given as he is to saltier description. He does not wear publicly his private badge of sorrow, which the visitor is discretely informed about, namely that he has a son, a prisoner of the North Vietnamese, shot down in action, in uncertain health, held virtually incommunicado.

He is asked at one point during a briefing session, what might have been the response to the seizure of the *Pueblo*. He answers—mind you understand this well—purely in terms of American military capacity, and he declines to weigh the political question which he tells you is outside his competence. And he therefore lists what might have been done when the *Pueblo* was seized. A visitor objects that it is inconceivable that the President would take action which might have resulted in the death of a hundred crewmen of the *Pueblo*. Hell, the Admiral says, several hundred Americans risk their lives every day flying through enemy flak. The Admiral is not among those who would enthusiastically have heralded the courage of Commander Bucher.

He stands there by his charts, assisted by staff officers of medium and very high rank, including a vice admiral who turns over the leaves of the briefing pad, which informs the visitor how we are doing in almost every aspect of the Vietnam operation, and by a lieutenant general, expert in many matters discussed.

When a question is put to the Admiral to which he does not have the answer, his mode is to tilt his head skyward at about ten o'clock. "I don't have the specific answer to that question . . ." He pauses then, pregnantly, for maybe up to ten seconds. He is confident that before the ten seconds elapse, a member of his staff will come forward with the answer, the specific answer. One has the feeling that if the ten seconds go by, and the Admiral is left to resume the briefing without the answers to the question, a private execution will take place at dawn.

Oh, says the Admiral, relaxed at his home, but never losing something of the coiled-wire tension appropriate to the CINCPAC, America has made a lot of mistakes, no doubt about it. But I do not understand (a theme which would become recurrent) why America doesn't take heart over the achievements which we are able now to record. For instance? Well, for instance, the replacement rate of the enemy troops. The rate is down, way down over what it was a year, let alone two years ago. For instance? The number of Vietnamese who are under the direct control of the enemy. The figure rose, during the height of the Tet offensive in 1968, to 33 per cent. The figure is down now to an incredible 8 per cent.

But the Admiral, speaking in a Southern accent but exercising Yankee skepticism, cautions the visitor to take carefully such statistics as these. It is impossible to vouch for them with any sense of statistical certitude. What he does vouch for is the graph. The relative figures. There is no doubting that, ever since the great offensive which was to have heralded the end of resistance to the Communists, the enemy has gone down and down and down.

Why is it, the Admiral wonders, that more Americans do not take pride in these achievements, which although they may not be conclusive, surely seem to indicate how considerable, and how measurable, is our progress? If you discover the reasons—the Admiral waved his hand as the visitor headed for the midnight shuttle to Saigon—let me know. The visitor thought this the least he could do, under the circumstances, for the CINCPAC. □

HUE: A FULL DAY

Danang, Dec. 10—In the morning, Ellsworth Bunker, chatting with the visitor, reminisces that on a very recent trip to the United States he came across Averell Harriman. "I've known Ave Harriman" (Yale 1913), said 75-year-old Mr. Bunker (Yale 1916), "for sixty years," which struck the visitor as a long time to have known Mr. Harriman, "and I reminded him that the tacit understanding back when they were telling us to stop the bombing was that if we did so the North Vietnamese had agreed to do three things. 1) Stop infiltrating across the demilitarized zone. 2) Desist from shelling the population centers in the cities. 3) Agree to talk directly with the South Vietnamese government at the negotiating table. And," said the tall, angular, poised, incisive Ambassador to South Vietnam, "of course, the enemy has observed not a single one of the three provisions."

What did Mr. Harriman say? the visitor wondered. "Oh well, he said that conditions had changed."

Mr. Bunker bears no grudges, let alone against friends he made sixty years ago. But he sees straight, out of his straight and lean body, and although he guards strenuously against synthetic optimism, so much does he fear that the credibility gap of yesteryear will affect his own usefulness, that sometimes it seems as though he husbands the good news as though it were a government secret. Even so, the good news is there, notwithstanding the routine duplicities of the North Vietnamese, who persuaded the U.S. to stop the bombing in return for a heightened contempt of the U.S. by the North Vietnamese.

You fly to Danang, the great sea and military base up on the coastline a hun-

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dred miles from North Vietnam. Then a helicopter to Hué. Hué. The very sound of it. That was where, during the Tet offensive in 1968, the enemy moved in most tenaciously, holding the old capital city, the quiet aristocratic religious center of 150,000 people, for a couple of weeks, before he was finally dislodged.

What happened was this. The Vietcong and the North Vietnamese, exuberant at the apparent success of the winter offensive, gave back the news to Hanoi of their victory. Hanoi, reasoning that a little general optimism was in order—150-odd assaults on South Vietnam cities had been programmed for what Hanoi thought would be a general takeover—decided to proclaim victory. Whereupon the underground at Hué surfaced. And several thousand people suddenly saw that Mrs. Jones' chauffeur was a Vietcong, now giving orders, and also Mr. Smith's greengrocer, who was all over the place telling people what to do; and on down the line. The consequences were unthinkable: blowing the entire VC population. So the leadership decided on an easy solution. They would round up all the residents of Hué who had come to know who they were. And . . . eliminate them.

THEY HAVE NOT FINISHED finding the bodies. But because the Vietnamese and the Americans are nowadays anxious to avoid any danger of exaggeration, the official count is only of those bodies actually discovered, i.e., 2,750. They were killed here and there. At one spot, southeast of the city, you look down on the calcified area of that part of the earth's surface, and you see long, low general cavities. That is where they were buried. They have been retrieved by their families, who did not trouble to recover the paraphernalia of execution, or the sediments of death. Some of these human caches were discovered only a few weeks ago, so that the bones of the decomposed corpses here and there are visible; and, every few yards, the remnants of the Wirz grass that served to tie behind their backs the wrists of those who were to be killed. A line was then run through the makeshift handcuffs, and the VC began shooting. At the lucky ones. Others, whether to save ammunition or to silence the noise of gunshot, were clubbed, and then dumped into the open communal graves. They were, as the saying goes, buried alive.

You go forward, to within the shadow of the DMZ; and are briefed by a proud colonel from ARVN; i.e., the Army of Vietnam. There are no American troops left in this critical area. They were withdrawn by the President, so that now the natives feel, and exercise, the responsibility. The area is, to be sure, largely pacified. You return to Danang, to bed down there that night, and the helicopter pilot asks for clearance, which means, now at sundown, that he does not desire to fly through a practice artillery range. He is given a course, which takes him, unexpectedly, just past a point where suddenly mean-looking radiant rockets are zapping up toward the top of the mountain. The pilot guns his chopper heavenward, and comments, laconically, that such weapons as we see going off "seldom go above 2,500 feet," which was reason enough for the pilot to take our plane up from 2,300 to four thousand feet. □

MYLAI: WHOSE FAULT?

Saigon, Dec. 12—General Creighton Abrams, who has a major war to think about, talks only reluctantly about the massacre of Mylai. Those who suppose that this is because General Abrams is anxious to disengage from a subject which is acutely embarrassing to him forget that a) General Abrams was not in charge of the Vietnam theater at the time that headquarters, after a perfunctory investigation, denied the rumor of a massacre at Mylai, b) and that even now the General is incompletely informed on the subject since the entire dossier was lifted from Saigon and flown to Washington, and c) do not know General Abrams, who retreats from difficulty about as much as a moth retreats from the flame.

There is the further difficulty of the military-legal situation. So strict have the rules become, if we are to believe General Abrams, and why not, that any interference by a commanding officer, whether explicit or implicit, in a matter pending before a military court can have the effect of invalidating the proceeding.

Even so, he agreed to listen, on an arguendo basis, to what might result from the investigation of the Mylai massacre, the rules being that, for the sake of the discussion, we would accept the version of what happened which is generally current. What follows is a composite of opinions which are not necessarily his, but which were expressed in his presence without arousing his vehement dissent.

1) How many people were actually guilty? A very important question, because one struggles to define the limits of aberrancy. Jack the Ripper was not a corporation, so that we can think of him as aberrant. We cannot do that about, say, the Nazis under Hitler, or the Communists under Stalin. If it was one company commander and one platoon leader, we may conclude that the behavior was utterly eccentric, i.e., that no conclusions regarding the genus are to be inferred from the behavior of the particulars.

2) If, on the other hand, it transpires that ten, twenty, thirty, even fifty men concerted in the act of genocide, then we must seek an explanation for why a cross-section of young America found itself capable of utterly barbaric behavior. We have available to us two explanations. The first, which is infinitely preferable, is that the guilty company relapsed, as the result of a confluence of extraordinary pressures, into a kind of catatonic frenzy, a sort of collective fury, as unreasonable as a rogue sea. The second alternative—the horrifying alternative—is that America, in A.D. 1969, has bred young Americans who can insouciantly murder grandmothers and little children. Raising the question 3) how shall we, if all fifty of those soldiers are found guilty and sentenced, define the immediate responsibilities of infantrymen in forthcoming engagements? An example might be a lieutenant's ordering a soldier to fire at anyone leaving a particular building which, in the lieutenant's opinion, is occupied by a sniper. The lieutenant goes off to instruct another member of his command, and at that point the infantryman sees the door opening slowly and out comes—grandmother. Ambiguities to tax the infantryman of the future, when he is faced with such a situation?

4) But then back to the most absorbing question, which is this. If it is agreed that it was a cross-section of American youth, out there at Mylai, and that there are not available to them extenuating circumstances such as would relieve them of true moral responsibility for their acts, then who, and what, do we blame? Many American moralizers came out with the answer instantly on the revelation of the massacre. Why, what we blame is the Vietnam war. That has brutalized clean and wholesome American youth, has turned them into sadistic killers who think nothing of gunning down children. That is one explanation.

It is insufficient. It is simply unbelievable that two or three months of combat can corrupt otherwise ethically stable young men. It must be—it must be what came before.

THE TWENTY YEAR OLD who, under the press of circumstances, can easily murder, after only a few months in uniform, is most likely a twenty year old whose ethical equilibrium was unbalanced well before he came to Vietnam. Unbalanced by a society which in quite other contexts we have all been criticizing over the years. A society deprived of the strength of religious sanctions, a society hugely devoted to hedonism, to permissive egalitarianism, to irresponsibility, to an indifference to authority and the law. Such a society as —dare we say it?—produced the kids who are attracted to the iconoclast of the day. I would contend that a better explanation for what happened, according to this analysis, is—not Vietnam but, to reach for a symbol, Berkeley.

Breaking out now from the shackles of our assumptions, I would expect (and here I speak only for myself) that the court will discover either that it was the aberration of the few, or that it was a temporary mania of the many—rather than that it was the considered act of the many. But if it should prove to be the latter, beware of blaming Vietnam for it. The danger is closer to home. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. What *National Review* wishes all its readers
30 38 59 93 139 147 157 164 176 189
203 75 79 144

B. A daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra
39 217 134 130 155 70 54 113 213

C. A large flat stone, esp. one laid over a tomb
62 73 127 132 175 106

D. A Christmas carol
90 23 143 68 150 184 21 133 16 162
166 182

E. Where *Silent Night* was first sung
95 121 109 102 154 74 208 216 48

F. A carol author (music by Handel
115 104 160 211 88 13 141 7 56

G. A poem by Shelley
118 17 24 41 145 57 91 103 194 205
6 1 34 77 80 108

H. An Arab lateen-rigged vessel of the Indian Ocean
125 8 114 69

I. A Montana town called the *Christmas Tree Capital of the World*
9 99 32 36 63 76

J. Insulting
137 174 201 187 60 149 195 97 142

K. Deep enough and wide enough to afford passage to vessels
146 188 82 153 101 225 94 169 218

L. Collection in which *Adeste Fideles* first appeared
226 15 33 112 181 212 81 83 123 135
173 4 126

M. *Heilige Nacht!*
14 89 222 29 65 199 85 49 18

N. The red pigment contained in the inner segments of the cones of the retina of birds and fishes
84 42 11 72 31 111 2 120 131 161

O. Obtruded
3 10 223 45 55 58 71

P. The Jewish daily morning liturgy
140 19 158 35 221 209 86 177 136

Q. Pertaining to the capital of ancient Egypt
156 25 50 128 167 87

R. Comparative darkness
178 197 26 151 92

S. One who sleeps lightly
192 51 28 214 190 37

T. The Phoenician and Canaanitish goddess of fertility, reproduction, and war
202 44 179 159 98 129 53 196 198

U. On railroads, a derail
219 204 100 122 207 180 116 171

V. An office item which bookkeepers must not use
5 40 210 124 117 191 152 185 206

W. Two words from a Latin Christmas hymn
52 148 12 20 22 43 61 78 67 96
107 119 163 200

X. Menaced
64 110 27 215 46 165 224 193

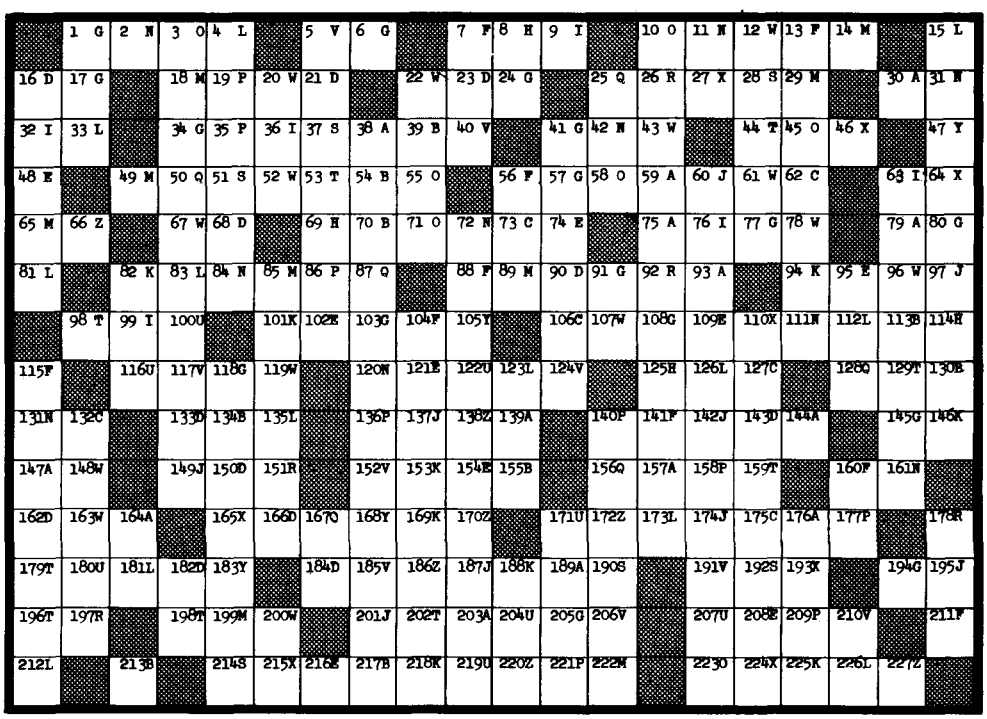
Y. Maiden name of presidential candidate's wife (she became younger as she grew older — see 1860 census)
105 47 168 183

Z. This was burned by the Norse and Anglo-Saxons at Christmas time
170 220 138 227 186 172 66

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1336 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram



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How this book got its offbeat title — as told by Aloise herself...

Did I *really* tell Timothy that Tommy Major's mother was going to Hell because she voted for Johnson? No, I did not. Once and for all.

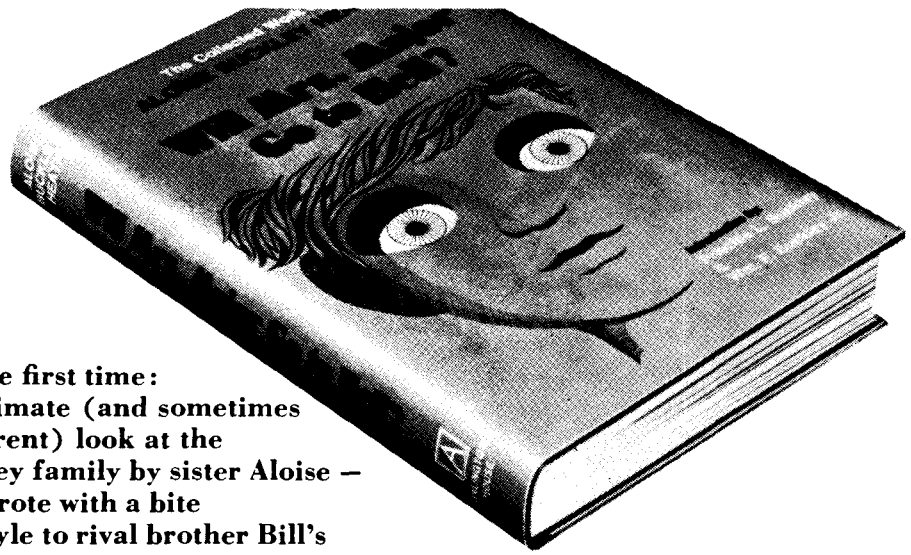
What happened was this. One day Timothy said: "Would you go to Hell if you voted for Johnson?"

I said: "Do you mean me or do you mean people? If you mean me, the answer is yes because I'm an educated voter and I'd be committing a mortal sin if I voted for him. If you mean 'people,' no, because they are not as smart as your dear, dear mother, you lucky boy." Tim looked at me gravely. "Will Tommy's mother go to Hell? She's going to vote for Johnson."

"Oh, I don't think so, Tim," I said, not terribly interested in the whole subject. "She doesn't know enough to know what she's voting for. But wouldn't she be surprised if she *did* go to Hell!"

It was then that I made my big mistake. You remember those lovely warm days last fall. Well, they affect me very badly. They increase my euphoria to the point of mania. I was near the piano while I talked to Tim and I sat down and played and sang, *"Tommy's mother went to Hell/On the Donkey ticket/Now she knows a Johnson vote/Is very, very wicked."* Timothy thought it was charming and rushed out to collect his friends Brian and Billy to hear it. Billy called in his sister Beth who was playing with Pammy Shepherd from the next street over. In about ten minutes there were over a dozen children in the house bawling out at the top of their lungs the news that *"Tommy's mother went to Hell."* And what was I doing? Big fat fool that I am, I was sitting there at the piano bawling it out with them and playing different versions of the piano accompaniment and setting up duets and interesting arrangements and in general behaving not at all like a woman whose living room windows face onto the Major driveway. And that's absolutely all there is to it.

I don't blame her for thinking it was a rehearsal. I don't even blame the children for telephoning her the next few days and nights to sing it. I drummed it into their heads so hard they probably still can't think of another tune. And that I swear is the whole story. It is absolutely what happened. And don't believe any other version.



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WILL MRS. MAJOR GO TO HELL?

by Aloise Buckley Heath

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She tells about her childhood at the family estate in Connecticut and in the capitals of Europe . . . makes real for us the bedrock role of religion in the family's life . . . gives us a warm, close-up view of the Buckley brothers and sisters during the "getting married" years. Laughing all the way, she chronicles brother Bill's rise to fame from his early years at Yale through the first decade of *National Review*. Aloise is always a warm storyteller; at her best she is hilarious.

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